

MONA

An Opera in Three Acts

THE POEM BY BRIAN HOOKER

THE MUSIC BY
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VOCAL SCORE

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MONA

AN OPERA IN THREE ACTS

CHARACTERS OF THE DRAMA

The Roman Governor of Britain	<i>Baritone</i>
Quintus, his son, known among the Britons as Gwynn	<i>Heroic Tenor</i>
Arth, a British tribesman	<i>Bass</i>
Enya, his wife	<i>Soprano</i>
Gloom, their son, a Druid	<i>Baritone</i>
Caradoc, the chief Bard of Britain	<i>Baritone</i>
Nial, a changeling	<i>Lyric Tenor</i>
Mona, Princess of Britain and last of the line of Boadicea; foster-child of Arth and Enya	<i>Dramatic Soprano</i> (<i>Mezzo</i>)

ROMAN SOLDIERS; DRUIDS, BARDS; BRITONS, BOTH
MEN AND WOMEN

The place is southwestern Britain; the time, about A. D. 100

Story of the Opera*

MONA

ACT I

Morning in midsummer. Arth's hut: a primitive and rather sombre interior of rough wood and stone, lighted only from the doorway, to the rear above which appears the Druidic sign of the Unspeakable Name, and from the opening in the roof to the right, through which the smoke of the fire ascends. Enya busy about the house, Nial lying by the fire, Mona and Gwynn in the foreground. Gwynn pleads with Mona to fulfil her troth to him, long since pledged. She answers that in his absence her old dreams of war and the Roman oppressor hurled back into the sea and of some great part for herself in the freeing of Britain have pressed closer, driving the thought of him away. Against Enya's protest she shows him on her breast the sign of the Name wherewith she was born; declaring herself set apart by that sign for some great destiny above womanhood. Gwynn urges that her fancies are mere loneliness, and that whatever her destiny may be they can fulfil it better together: while Nial asks innocently if God's name is written upon those who may not love. Mona relates a dream of walking between a storm-darkened forest and a raging sea: she had a naked sword, wherewith she drove back the billows that poised to plunge down upon her; but there came a veiled white figure with no face and tried to take the sword away; and when she slew him therewith the waves broke and the forest fell and overwhelmed her. This dream neither Gwynn nor Enya can interpret. Arth, entering, hurls at Mona's feet the sword of a Roman soldier whom he has encountered and slain; and Mona recognizes the sword of her dream. Gwynn censures Arth for wanton folly in breaking the peace; Arth retorts with a furious tirade against Rome, in which the women hysterically join; but Gwynn prevails, and sends Arth out to bury the body. Gwynn illustrates the use of the sword with unconscious enthusiasm. Enya grows suspicious, and Mona, crying out that he looks like a Roman soldier, snatches it from him, and in so doing wounds his arm. As they stand aghast at the omen, Gloom enters and confirms it; prophesying that Gwynn shall die by that same blade. He sends away the women and ushers in Arth and Caradoc, who proposes a solemn oath of secrecy and union. Gwynn, suspecting conspiracy, is unwilling to swear himself blindly into their fellowship; but lest the secret of his own birth

*This opera won the prize offered by the Metropolitan Opera Company for the best grand opera, written in English and composed by an American.

be suspected and he lose Mona and all his influence for peace, is constrained to yield. Caradoc administers the oath with Druidic ritual; then tells Gwynn that Britain is ripe for a universal uprising, and that Mona by her descent from Boadicea and by signs and prophecies is ordained to be their leader. Gwynn furiously protests, but is overruled by Caradoc and Gloom. Mona is brought in to choose between her love and her mission. Caradoc formally recognizes her as the predestined leader. Gwynn does his utmost to hold her; but Gloom, artfully playing upon her dream and sneering at her love as a trifle, is too strong for him. She flies into an ecstasy, waving her sword and calling down ruin upon Rome. Gwynn is driven away and banished. As he disappears into the forest, Mona suddenly drops the sword, crying out his name, and breaks into tears.

ACT II

A month later. Evening. The Cromlech in the forest: A huge oak tree in the centre; at its foot an altar graven with the Sign of the Name; behind that, a crumbling stone wall in the form of a semicircle; and behind this, deep forest, through which appear the great standing stones of the outer circle. Nial alone, dancing with his shadow. In monologue he declares himself happier, being a changeling with no soul, brother to all the wild things of the earth, than his wise friends whose souls torment them. The Governor, entering at the head of a scouting party, captures him and questions him as to the evident signs of a recent gathering there; but Nial, fearless through sheer ignorance of harm, refuses to answer. As he is about to be tortured, Gwynn suddenly appears and interposes. The Governor questions him about the reported rebellion, adding that Gwynn is freely accused of treason in siding with the Britons. Gwynn, refusing to break his oath by revealing their plans, yet claims as his own work the peace of the past years, and promises that through Mona and his own influence as a Bard the threatened uprising shall be averted. The Governor is for crushing the conspiracy by immediate force, but is at length brought to refrain on condition that Gwynn shall hold the tribes from any overt act of war. On this Gwynn stakes everything and sets out to guide his father back to the Roman town. After a momentary soliloquy by Nial in the gathering darkness, Mona and Gloom enter together. They have been going about the country preparing universal rebellion; and on that night they themselves are to lead the attack upon the Roman town, whose flames will be the signal for a general uprising. Mona, inspired with the ecstasy of her mission, yet dreads their own opening battle, upon which all depends. In the enthusiasm of his reassurance, Gloom throws off the mask of priesthood and brotherliness, avowing open love of her. She silences him by turning against him his own teaching that she is not woman but a sword. After a short colloquy with Arth and Enya, in which Mona relates her triumphant progress among the tribes, the others go to prepare for the sacrifice which is to initiate the battle, leaving Mona praying alone in the moon-

light before the altar. Gwynn, entering, brushes aside the frozen holiness with which she had crushed Gloom, by defying her to call in the Druids and have him put to death; and catching her in his arms, so prevails upon her by the sheer reality of their love that she is for the moment utterly his own, wishing only to forget all else. In premature triumph, he tells her that their union shall unite Britain and Rome, and goes on to reveal the secret of his birth. But she, understanding merely that he is a Roman, without waiting to hear the rest, cries out for help. Gloom and Arth rush in, followed by Bards and Druids and a frantic horde of Britons. Gwynn is about to be torn in pieces when Mona, unable to see him slain, checks herself in the very word of denouncing him as a spy, and reminds them that he is a Bard whose person is sacred; then, bidding them make him prisoner unhurt, she hurries on the preparations for the attack. Men and women bring torches, weapons, and materials of war. The Bards and Druids gather about the altar, where Mona, Gloom and Caradoc, to the music of a barbaric chant, perform the ceremony of blessing and distributing the swords. As they receive their weapons the priests rush out to lead the onslaught, followed by the tribesmen; until the stage is left empty and dark but for Enya, who throws herself sobbing at the foot of the altar as the sound of the singing dies away in the forest.

ACT III

The same night, just before dawn. A plateau on the edge of the forest; across a valley, the Roman town in the distance. Enya and Nial come to watch and wait for tidings of the attack. Her agony of suspense and foreboding contrasts with his innocent unconcern. Instead of the expected beacon-signals of victory, scattered fugitives rush past: and from one of these Enya learns that the attack is crushed. Nial, with unconscious irony, protests that the news must be false, since God had promised them victory. Mona, stunned with shame and exhaustion, is dragged in by Gloom, who is himself mortally wounded. He confirms the tidings of defeat: the Roman garrison, swelled to an overwhelming force, was awaiting them under arms; Arth is dead; it is all over but paying the price. Mona despairs over her people who have trusted her vainly through her own vain trust in her mission; and searches her conscience for some fault or failure of her own that has ruined all. But Gloom, with savage cynicism, retorts that they have only dressed their own desires in fine names like every one else; Mona was moved by a girl's vanity of greatness, himself by lust of power and rivalry with Gwynn; the rest was self-deception. And Mona, shocked and shaken, fixes upon her love for Gwynn as the weakness that has destroyed her work: she has saved his life, knowing him to be a Roman spy and a traitor to her people. The appearance of Gwynn, who has escaped from his guards, confirms her belief that it was he who warned the Romans. Gwynn tells them that he is the son of the Governor with authority to speak for Rome, and tries to induce her to aid him in preventing further bloodshed. But it is too late for the truth:

Gloom receives it with mere derision; and Mona, taking it for the keystone upon an arch of lies, works herself into a vengeful holiness as she listens to his protestations. At last she pretends to yield, and as he catches her in his arms stabs him with her Roman sword. In the pause that follows, Nial sees through the grey twilight of dawn the soul of Gwynn floating like a bright shadow above him and seeming to listen and to wait. The sound of an approaching army is heard in the distance, and presently the Governor enters at the head of his legions. Discovering Gwynn's body, he tells them furiously that in slaying his son, the one Roman who befriended them and who had wasted himself to save them from their own folly, they have destroyed their last hope of mercy. Mona avows her deed, and he promises her full time in which to pay. She, at length understanding all Gwynn's truth and her own error, takes farewell of him, laying the sword across his breast: saying that in seeking great deeds beyond love and above beauty she has done only what she must have done being herself; that the ordinary happiness through which she might have accomplished her mission was too small and too near; and regretting most that she cannot follow Gwynn to an honorable death. She bends down and kisses him on the forehead, then, rising, stands among the soldiers while they bind her hands, bidding them take their will of her; and adding, as the curtain falls, "I have had great dreams—only great dreams. . . . A woman would have won."

Mona

Mona

An Opera in Three Acts

1

ACT I

THE SCENE represents the interior of Arth's hut in the forest: a rough structure of logs and thatch. To the left, a large hearth of rough stone on which a fire is burning; oaken settles about the walls; to the right, a rough table, with benches and a wooden stool; above this, a door into an inner room; in the rear wall, a large doorway, curtained with skins, on the lintel of which appears the Sign Λ of the Unspeakable Name, showing that a Druid has his dwelling there. Sunlit forest without.

THE TIME, morning in midsummer.

The curtain-rise discovers MONA seated by the table; ENYA above; GWYNN standing near the centre of the stage; and NIAL lying on a bearskin by the fire.

Prelude Moderato ($\text{♩} = 100$)

Horatio Parker. Op. 71

Piano

p

pp *espress.* *ad lib.*

poco rit. *p* *a tempo*

First system of musical notation, piano score. The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#). The music is written for piano. The first staff (treble clef) contains a melodic line with a trill and a triplet. The second staff (bass clef) contains a bass line with a triplet. Dynamics include *p* and *p.*

Second system of musical notation, piano score. The first staff (treble clef) contains a melodic line with a trill and a triplet. The second staff (bass clef) contains a bass line with a triplet. Dynamics include *rit. e dim.* and *poco più mosso*.

Third system of musical notation, piano score. The first staff (treble clef) contains a melodic line with a trill and a triplet. The second staff (bass clef) contains a bass line with a triplet. Dynamics include *rit.*, *dolce*, and *meno mosso*.

Fourth system of musical notation, piano score. The first staff (treble clef) contains a melodic line with a trill and a triplet. The second staff (bass clef) contains a bass line with a triplet. Dynamics include *p.* and *p.*

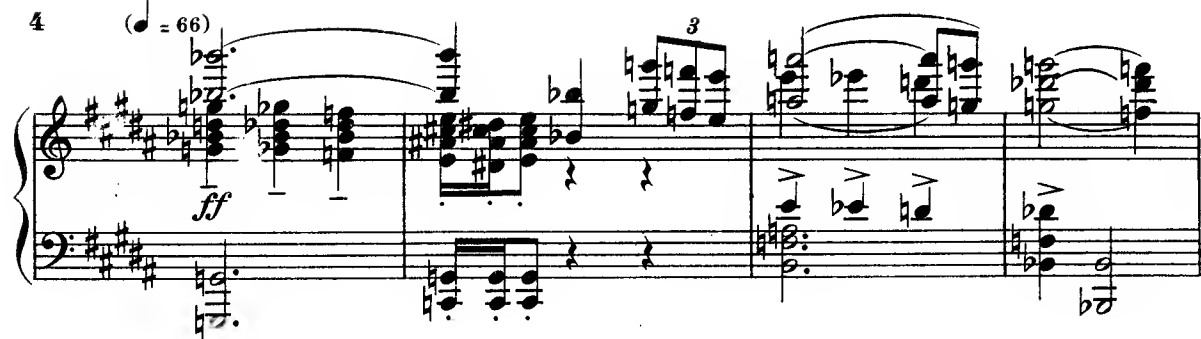
Fifth system of musical notation, piano score. The first staff (treble clef) contains a melodic line with a trill and a triplet. The second staff (bass clef) contains a bass line with a triplet. Dynamics include *poco cresc.*

Sixth system of musical notation, piano score. The first staff (treble clef) contains a melodic line with a trill and a triplet. The second staff (bass clef) contains a bass line with a triplet. Dynamics include *poco meno mosso*, *(♩ = 80)*, and *p*.

This page of musical notation consists of six systems of staves, each with a treble and bass clef. The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The notation includes a variety of musical elements:

- System 1:** Features complex chords and triplets in both hands. The bass line has a triplet of eighth notes.
- System 2:** Includes a *cresc.* marking. The bass line has a triplet of eighth notes.
- System 3:** Includes a *p.* marking. The bass line has a triplet of eighth notes.
- System 4:** Includes a *sempre cresc.* marking. The bass line has a triplet of eighth notes.
- System 5:** Includes a *ff* marking. The bass line has a triplet of eighth notes.
- System 6:** Includes a *ff* marking. The bass line has a triplet of eighth notes.

The notation is dense, with many beamed notes and complex chord structures. The page number 22727 is located at the bottom left.



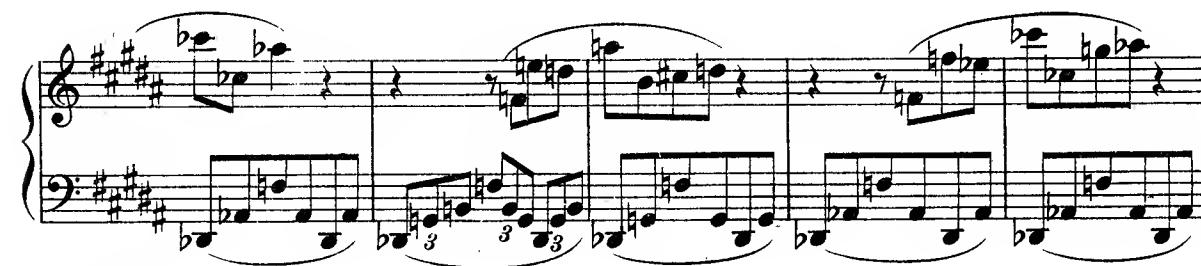
First system of musical notation. The key signature has three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The tempo is marked (♩ = 66). The music features a piano introduction with a forte (*ff*) dynamic. The right hand has a triplet of eighth notes. The left hand has a triplet of eighth notes.



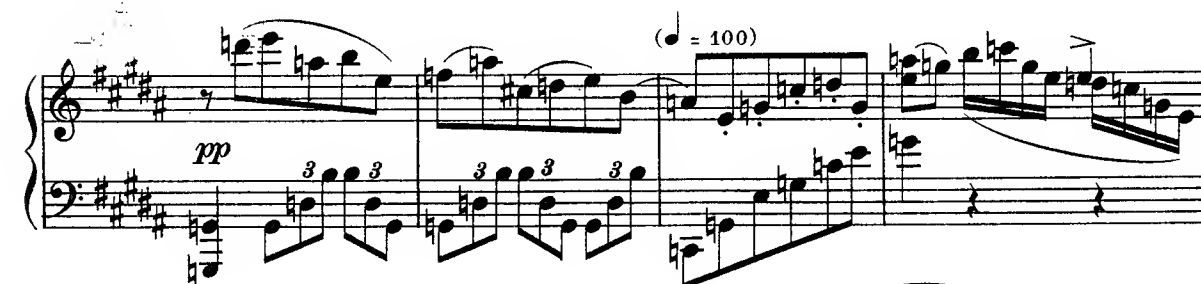
Second system of musical notation. The music continues with a forte (*ff*) dynamic and a tempo marking of *più mosso*. The right hand has a triplet of eighth notes. The left hand has a triplet of eighth notes.



Third system of musical notation. The music continues with a piano introduction marked *dim.* (diminuendo). The tempo is marked (♩ = 92). The right hand has a piano (*p*) dynamic. The left hand has a piano introduction marked *dim.*



Fourth system of musical notation. The music continues with a piano introduction marked *pp* (pianissimo). The right hand has a piano introduction marked *pp*. The left hand has a piano introduction marked *pp*.



Fifth system of musical notation. The music continues with a piano introduction marked *pp* (pianissimo). The tempo is marked (♩ = 100). The right hand has a piano introduction marked *pp*. The left hand has a piano introduction marked *pp*.



Sixth system of musical notation. The music continues with a piano introduction marked *pp* (pianissimo). The right hand has a piano introduction marked *pp*. The left hand has a piano introduction marked *pp*.

(CURTAIN)

l. h.
cresc. ed accel.
f

G. M. **Gwynn** **Mona** (without *rit.*)

Not long now, till the end! Un-til the

(♩ = 80) *f* *rit.*

moving, as if to herself **Gwynn**

end, the end! Not long un-til the end of all my doubt, Not long until the

p. *f* *p.*

G. end of all thy fear! Kiss-es half-willing, half-re-luc-tant

G. arms, And eyes that shirk their promise. I have made peace,—

G. — And brought — down rest o - ver this an - gry

G. land, Whose trou - ble was thy —

G. — trouble: Now — I make Mine own all

mf *cresc.*

G. I have known so long for mine.

poco f

G. All thy dear heart hath giv'n,

M. *Mona (still without moving)*
 — all! Have I all To givethee, Gwynn?

G. *Gwynn* *Mona (turning to Gwynn)*
 Still the old fear! Not fear! On-ly— these

M. *(with more animation)*
 many days— I have not heard Thy voice, nor seen thine eyes, and the

M. 

old dreams Press clos-er, and thy face fades, lost a-mong A

poco rit. *espr.* *pp*

Tempo giusto (♩ = 108)

M. 

sea of raging fac-es and a forest Of whiteswords; and thy

M. 

voice, murmuring joy, Blows down a wind of war-cries;

Meno mosso

M. 

what hath held thee So long and far a - way?

Meno mosso (♩ = 76)

Gwynn

G.
E.

On - ly the need Of mak-ing all things read-y for our

fp

Più mosso Enya (to Gwynn, sharply)

G.
E.

love. Hast thou madethebridereadytobe

accel. (♩ = 100) *f*

Gwynn

E.
G.

won?
Ancora più It is this

(♩ = 138) *ff* *dim. rit.* *p meno mosso* (♩ = 80)

Mona

G.
M.

house: there is a shad-ow here. There is a shad-ow

(touching her breast)

M. here, Gwynn, here.

espr. p poco rit.

pp

(♩ = 84)

Gwynn

ad lib.

G. Now I build A house for us twain in the forest here,

G. Where

G. sunlights laugh in the moving leaves all day, Where the

G. sweet blossoms brighten, where all

G. night Earth breathes joy and the moon makes

G. mys-ter-y Of silvern gla - - mour!

Mona (heavily)

M. *Thou shalt nev - er build That house, Gwynn.*

sfz p pp

Gwynn

G. *Mo - na! Mo - na!*

Allegro moderato (♩ = 116)

f animato

G. *What new change?*

E. *Enya*

(♩ = 100) *Trou-ble her not— There is more in her than*

f

E. *Gwynn*

G. *thy love can know. Therefore I love her.*

(♩ = 76)

p espr.

M. Mona

Dear, I am

(♩ = 92)

M. not changed; That is my trouble, that I cannot change. I

pp *p*

M. cannot be like other women, loved, And loving, happy; I was

(♩ = 80)

pp *pp*

tenderly and slowly

M. nev - er so: On-ly, because of thy dear looks, I dreamed of

(♩ = 60)

pp *p*

M. *love and thee a little — Being young And thrilled with May, — a*

pp espr.

M. *woman, feeling hands Of little chil-dren touch me in the dark, Unborn,*

M. *crying to me to mother them... I dreamed of*

pp *ppp*

M. *ritenuto* (Mona rises. Nial turns to watch)

them and thee. Waking, I know That I am set a-

(♩ = 100) *animato subito*

ritenuto *ppp* *f*

Gwynn

M. G. part. What fancy, Mo-na!

(♩ = 116)

f

Mona (laying her hand upon her bosom as if to open her robe)

M. Dear, No fancy.

(♩ = 80)

p

(Opening her dress and showing the mark upon her breast. All glance astonished from her to the mark above the door)

Mona

Enya (starting forward)

M. E. U. Look! (♩ = 100) You shall not show him! No! (♩ = 80) Look!

pp *ff*

Gwynn

Mona

G. U. The Name! God's great Name!

pp

Enya (to Gwynn) **Gwynn**

E. G. *3*

Bet-ter for thee Not to have known. The

(♩ = 100)

p

G. Name that none may speak! What means this, Mo - na?

mf *pp*

Più mosso
Mona

M. I was born therewith. I cannot read its meaning, but I know Some

pp

più largo

M. great ad-venture waits for me, since God Hath set his seal up-on me.

più largo
p

M. *How shall I Tar - ry for love?*

N. *Nial*
(♩ = 96) *I cannot under-*

N. *stand— I have no soul. What is this great thing that Mona*

N. *has to do, That hinders lov - ing? Does God*

N. write his name On them that shall not love? I have it not!

N. I cannot understand; I cannot love, be-

N. cause I have no soul. I dare not love
M. *tranquillo*

Gwynn
M. — un-til my soul is free. Thou art free!
G. *piu agitato*

G. *f*

How shall this great task di - vide Thy fate and mine a - sun - der?

G. *accel.*

Be-ing one, We shall be strong - er for all good.

cresc. ed accel.

Più tranquillo

G. *pp*

Dear love, What hinders the ful-fill-ment of our dream?

M. *Mona*

I have had oth-er dreams - oh - er dreams..

(♩ = 76)

p

M.

pp *p*

pp *poco rit.*

Gwynn

G.

Love, thou hast been Alone and list-less, and the

(♩ = 46)

G.

warm youth, pent Within thee, frustrate, like new wine that works Close covered,

pp

g. Va - pors up these vi - sions. Come With me! Come with me!

g. Come with me, Mo - na! take life, and

(♩ = 46)

poco f

g. leave them! Come with me Out of the shadows!

g. Come with me, Mo - - - na!

p

G. Come out of the aim - less days, Out of the

G. emp - ty nights! Find thou Hu - mani-ty,

G. And God shall find thee great - ness!

G. Come with me, Mo - - na!

M. **Mona**
Listen, Gwynn— And thou, mother, In dream-lore deeply wise—

ppp *pp*


M. (standing alone C.)
Three nights to-gether have I dreamed this dream: I


pp

M. walked up-on the wind - y beach between

(♩ = 88)
p

M. 
 Dark forest and dim sea. Low-swollen clouds,

M. 
 Heav-y with storm, gloomed o-ver-head, and hung

M. 
 Bel-lying against the tree-tops.

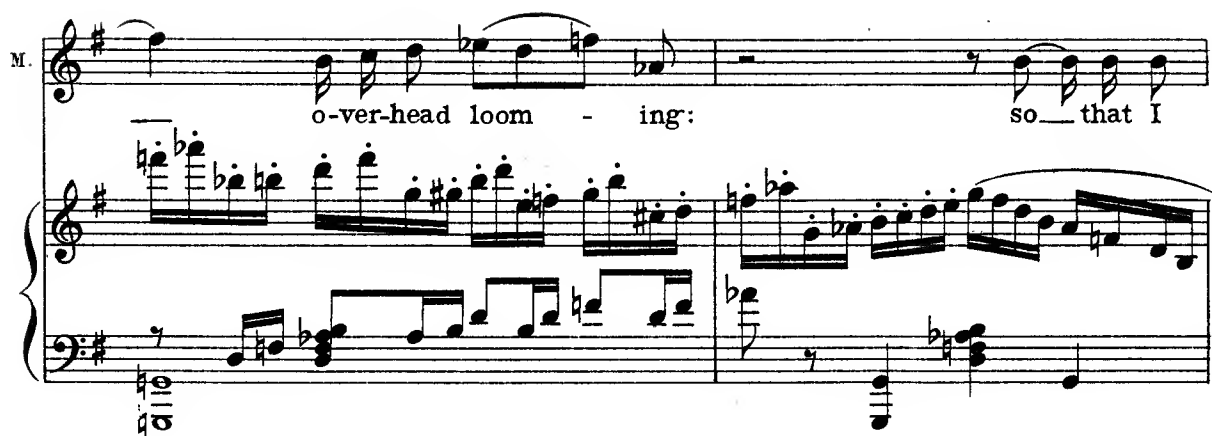
M. 
 Close a-shore Tower'd one huge wave,

M. *3*
 curv-ing o-ver me As a ser-pent curves to strike,
poco f

M.
 crested with cloud And foam, the
pp

M.
 hol - low gulf beneath a - live, a-live With
f

M. *3*
 tremu-lous lights and an - gry glints of green, High
pp

M. 

o-ver-head loom - ing: so - that I

M. 


seemed To walk in a long cav-ern

M. 

roofed with cloud And walled with foam and for - est.

M. 

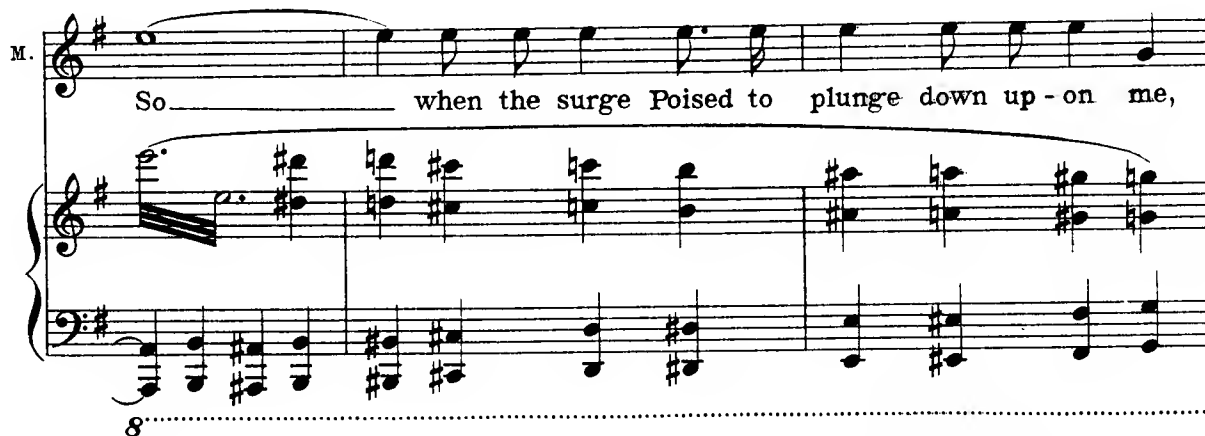
And I bare On my breast a na-ked sword

M. 

close-held, As a moth-er holds her babe.

pp

8va bassa

M. 

So when the surge Poised to plunge down on me,

8

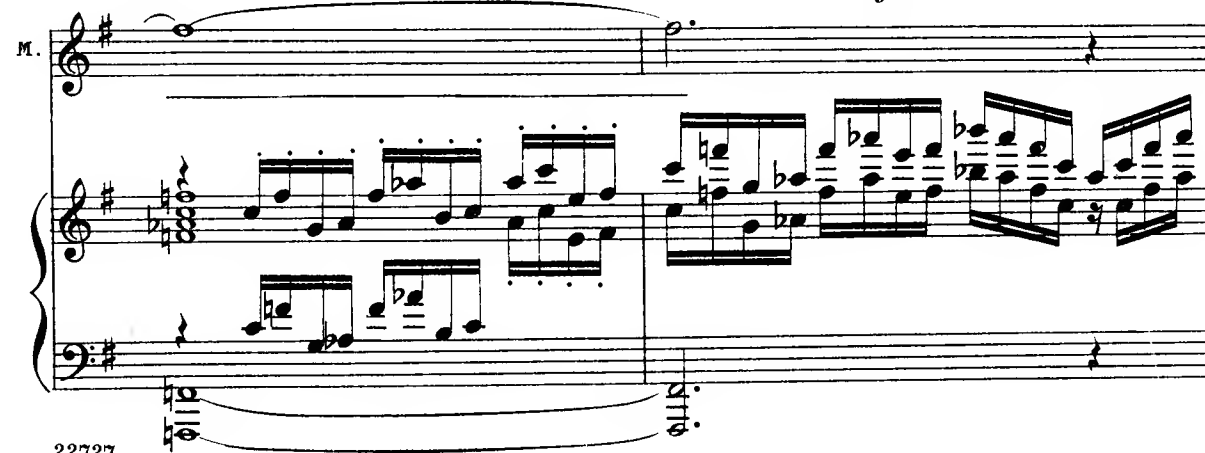
M. 

I thrust forthThe sword,

(♩ = 96)

cresc. *f* *ff*

sfz

M. 

sfz

M. *point - ing it sea - - - - ward,*

sfz p ff p

sfz

M. *and the sea Bent back-ward and for-*

mf

M. *bore. Me-*

f fff

(♩ = 120)

M. *seemed one stood Beside me, veiled in a white shroud, whose face I*

p sfz

M. could not see, that strove to snatch a-way My sword.

M. There - fore I smote and slew him!

(♩ = 108)

M. Then The surge plunged, and the clouds burst, and the

(♩ = 100)

M. trees Fell, thun-der-rent, and

accel.

M. *whelmed* _____ *me!*

(♩ = 126)

rit. dim. p

M. *And I woke Trem-bling, and seeming still to see the sword*

(♩ = 100)

p dolce

M. *And the grim cloud and the green surge. And now*

M. *Three nights to - geth-er have I dreamed this dream.*

(♩ = 88)

p pp

G. *Gwynn*

And the dream-

(♩ = 100)

ppp

G. M. Mona

thrice be-hol-den- pro-phies... I won-der- Mother?

E. Enya (still seated)

Dreaming of the sea _____ Foretells great

(♩ = 88)

p

E. happenings; dreaming of a sword,

p

E. Struggle. But then the for-est and the cloud,

E. *rit.* And the white figure, with no face - Nay,

pp rit.

E. G. **Gwynn**

— child, I cannot tell, I cannot read this dream! God

(♩ = 72)

G. M. **Mona (seated)**

mocks us with a fu-ture half fore-known. Ni-al, dost thou

pp *tranquillo*

M. N. **Nial**

never dream? (♩ = 92) Always, I think, Or never. Night by

N. **Nial**

night, and day by day... It must be all true, or else

pp

N. M. **Mona ad lib.**

all ——— a dream. I a-lone between

poco rit.

meno mosso *più animato*

M. surge and forest- Gwynn! What if the sea be- Rome? (♩ = 96)

meno mosso *pp* *p* *mf*

M. Rome? The

G. Gwynn (startled) Rome?

Più mosso

M. black flood That whelms our mis - er - able land!

G. No!

(♩ = 120) *ff*

f

Arth (striding in, hurls a Roman sword at Mona's feet)

A. *(♩ = 92)* Here, child! I bring thee a child's play-thing!

ff pesante *ff*

E. *(all rising)* Enya
Arth!

M. Mona
Father!

ff

M. *ad lib.* Mona (taking up the sword and looking at it wonder-
ingly)
It is the sword I dreamed of in my dream!

ff ritenuto *dim. e rit.*

(♩ = 104) *p*

Gwynn Mona

G. M. The sword of Rome! Father, whence cometh this?

A. Arth

One That was a
Tempo giusto
(♩ = 92)

p ritenuto

A. Ro-man soldier gave it me Yonder. These Romans are a weakly breed!

p

Poco allegro (♩ = 108)

Enya

E. Thou art a swordless man;

ppp più rit. *p*

più agitato

E. It is not lawful For thee to fight or to bear weapons.

(he makes the gesture of strangling an enemy)

Arth

(♩ = 92) Bah! I had no weapon, on-ly these bare hands Of an old man!

f

Enya *accel.*

(♩ = 104) Blood! Blood! Evermore

pp *(♩ = 108)* *cresc. ed accel.*

Arth (looking at his hands)

(♩ = 92) blood! Only a little, bitten from his lips In dying!

ff *ff*

Allegro *(♩ = 132)* **Enya**

Thou hast roused the

p

wolf! Ah, now We shall endure

cresc. *f*

E. ven - geance! Now, when our sleep Was safe, and our

E. days free!

Arth
A. Free! (♩ = 104) Hear the wo-man! Ay, free like dogs, free to the lash and the

A. chain!- Licking the wolf's feet lest we die!- New stripes o-ver old scars!

A. One shame a - like to sting Sur - ren - der and re - bel - lion,-

A. *tribute wrung Out of dry hunger!— swords taken a - way From free hands!*

A. *Our shrines des-o-late! our Bards For - bid - den wor - ship!*

(♩ = 138)

mf

A. *Our Kings dead, our women Shared with our lords!*

(♩ = 92)

p più mosso

A. *all men with blood in them Hat-ing the wolf a - new with each new*

(♩ = 112)

f

A. *day, Eating and drinking hatred!—*

(♩ = 80)

f

Gwynn (with calm authority, facing Arth)

G. *Thou art a fool, Arth! Blood will fol-low this!*

sfz p

p

Moderato **Animato**

G. *Arth (scornfully)* *What I have ever done,*

A. *Gwynn, the man of peace! what dost thou here?*

Moderato ($\text{♩} = 76$) ($\text{♩} = 108$)

p *f* *f*

G. *Guard-ed this house from trouble! Thou hast brokeThe peace, wan-tonly*

G. *slain a Roman! Fool! What hope has Britainsave in Rome's good-will?*

A. *Arth* *Rome's good-*

A. will! The em - brace of the soft scourge!

(♩ = 92)

sfz

sfz

A. Kisses of the kind - ly spur! A fire's friendship, A wolf's love!

accel.

accel.

Allegro Enya

E. Britain! Old Britain!

M. Mona (waving the sword in a frenzy)

M. Britain! Old Britain! Ru - in to Rome!

A. Britain! Old Britain!

Allegro (♩ = 120)

p

cresc.

E. Ru - in to Rome! Gwynn

G. Be still, women!

A. Ru - in to Rome!

f

precipitato

(To Arth, and pointing to the sign above the door)

G. By that sign—
più tranquillo

f *ff* *p*

G. — I bid thee peace! Now—
allargando

p

G. thou hast slain a man:— Go bury him! Arth (Exit slowly)
A. I will go bury him.

pp *ppp*

(Mona crosses to Gwynn and slides her left arm about his neck, the sword hanging loose in her right hand)

M. Andante moderato Mona
Thou art a man, Gwynn!

pp *mf*

N. *Nial*
poco mosso cannot understand! What had he done, the

p

N. *Mona (turning sharply)*
 Roman, wherefore Arth Should slay him? Robbed us of our free-dom!

p

N. *Molto più mosso (♩ = 54)* *Nial*
 Nay, Are we not free to breathe sweet

p grazioso

N. *breath and sing Un-der the sun, and*

N. *laugh beside the fire, And wonder at the world?*

pp

Meno mosso (♩ = 76)

Mona (to Gwynn, examining the sword-hilt)

Alla marcia, moderato

M. What mean these runes Here grav-en?

pp

G. M. Gwynn "Senate and the Ro - man peo-ple." Mona How

M. (swinging the sword) light it is! E - ven I have strength e-nough To wield this.

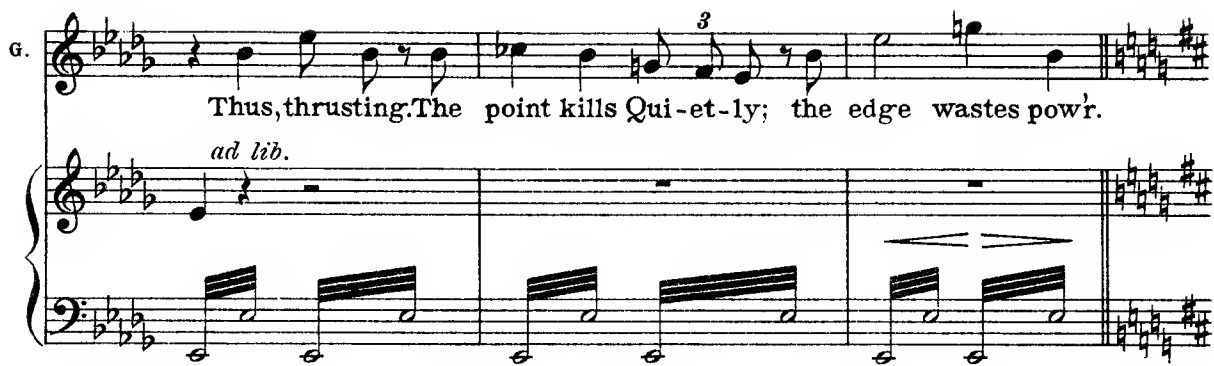
M. *poco allargando* How can such woman's weapons meet The *più mosso* long sword and the

poco allargando *più mosso*

Gwynn (takes the weapon from her and illustrates his words)

M. G. British axe? Not so: Rome nev-er strikes.

ff

G. 

Thus, thrusting. The point kills Qui-et-ly; the edge wastes pow'r.

ad lib.

G. 

a tempo
(♩ = 108)
a tempo
p

First the spears, Hurled all to-gether, bite and

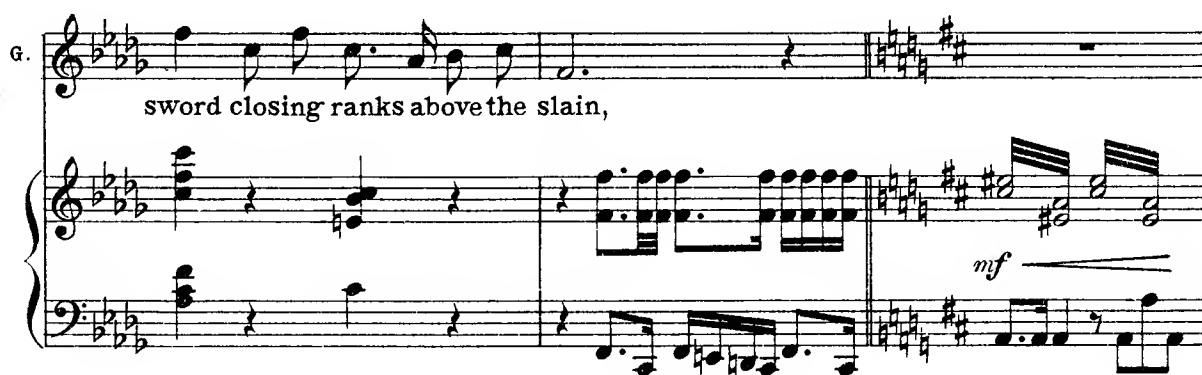
G. 

bend; then down Swings the long legion, ev'ry man in turn Guard-

p

G. 

- ed and guarding, shield by shield, and sword By

G. 

sword closing ranks above the slain,

mf

(with increasing enthusiasm, and at last carried away by his own words)

G. 

The third line ready with new spears - not men, But one steel

f

G. 

wall of manhood, eagles borne forward, trumpets clamoring vic - to - ry -

mf

G. 

War! Men die!

ff più mosso

G. 

but the liv - ing legion marches on _____ Conqu'ring.

G. 

Romans perish, Rome a-bides, Drinking the vir-tue of her

G. 

dead strong sons: Impe - rial, im-mor - - - tall!

E. **Enya** (suspiciously) 

Me-thinks thou know-est their war-fare o - ver-well!

Gwynn *poco a poco allarg.* **Mona**

G. M. I am a Bard; it is my work to learn. Hast thou fought with them?

poco a poco decresc. ed allargando *p*

Gwynn

G. I have fought-with them. Before I was a Bard I fought with them.

pp

Mona

M. To have stood at sword's point with the ver-y Wolf! To have

(♩ = 96)

pp

sempre meno

M. pierced flesh, and seen blood flow! To have slain Romans, and now to love Rome!

sempre meno

Gwynn
ad libitum

G. *Andante*
Now I love thee, And dream of peace.

M. *Mona poco più mosso* *Allegro moderato*
I have had other dreams: Fire, and a sound of

M. *più mosso*
battle— and a storm Of hungry swords! Our towns made

M. *Allegro moderato*
strong once more, Our shrines made holy as of old!

M. *Allegro moderato a tempo*
Great God! What have I done with all this

rit.

M. *rit.*

life of mine To make life wor-thi-er? What have I done?

(♩=76)

p

M. *rit.*

N. *rit.*

What can I do? Nial Thou art very beau-ti-ful!

(♩=96)

p *pp* *rit.*

M. *rit.*

Mona

Beau-ti-ful! Will my beau-ty break the chain? If I might

(♩=76)

f *p*

M.

make there-of a charm, to snare The lead-er of our en-e-mies, and

M.

then, While he leaned down and loved me, strike one stroke In-to his wolf-heart, and leave

(♩=66)

pp

M. *Brit-ain free! I dream this — who shall make it more than dream?*

pp *ff*

(turning suddenly to Gwynn) *Gwynn Mona*

M. *Give me the sword! Where-fore? Give me the sword! Give me the sword! Give*

G. *(♩ = 108)*

a tempo *p*

M. *me the sword! Thou art like a Roman soldier standing so — It is*

più agitato accel. e cresc. *Maestoso (♩ = 69)* (Mona snatches the sword from Gwynn)

M. *mine! It is mine! Give it me! Give it me!*

accel. e cresc. *ff*

Allegro (♩ = 126) and in so doing wounds his arm) *Mona (dropping the sword)* *Gwynn (Gloom enters, dropping*

M. *Gwynn! It is naught.*

Adagio *fff* *p*

the curtain across the doorway, cutting off the sunlight. After making the sign of the Name he advances to Gwynn, and picks up the sword, looking from it to Gwynn's bleeding arm.)

51

Sempre adagio

Gloom

By that same blade it is thy

pp

Mona

Gwynn

Gloom! *Animato*

I shall not be slain by pro-phe-cies, Nor by

doom to die.

Con moto moderato

ill-will!

Gloom (to Enya, and giving Mona the sword.)

Moth-er, take Mo-na hence;

allargando

Con moto moderato

p

(Mona and Enya go out R.)

Tell her. Thou know-est all she needs to know.

GI. *Let the Bard en-ter, fa-ther.*

solenne *mf più mosso* *cresc.*

through the central door) **Gwynn** **Caradoc**

Ca-ra-doc! *The* *a tempo*

f dim. e rit.

(making the sign of the Name)

peace of the Great Name up-on this house And

(♩ = 72)

p

Enya

(Mona and Enya off) And with thee, peace.—

Mona

And with thee, peace.—

Gwynn

And with thee, peace.—

all that dwell there-in.

And with thee, peace.—

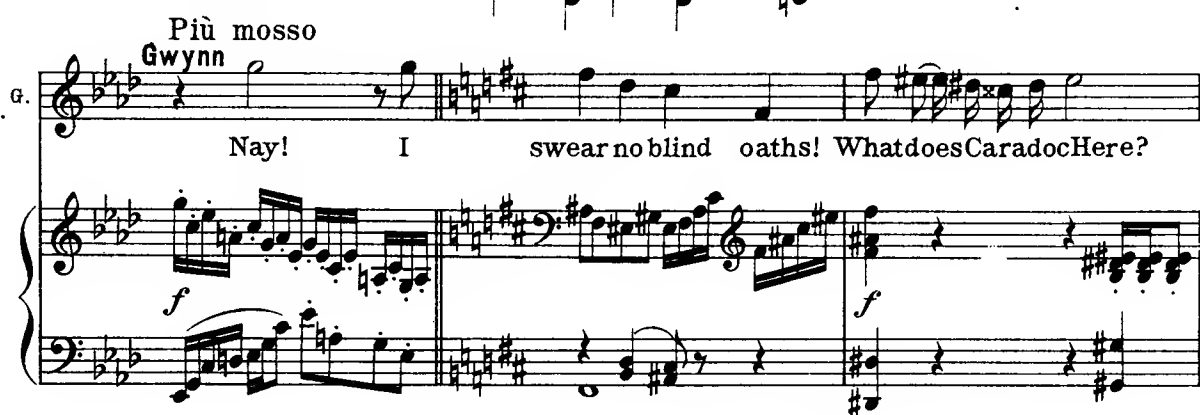
Arth

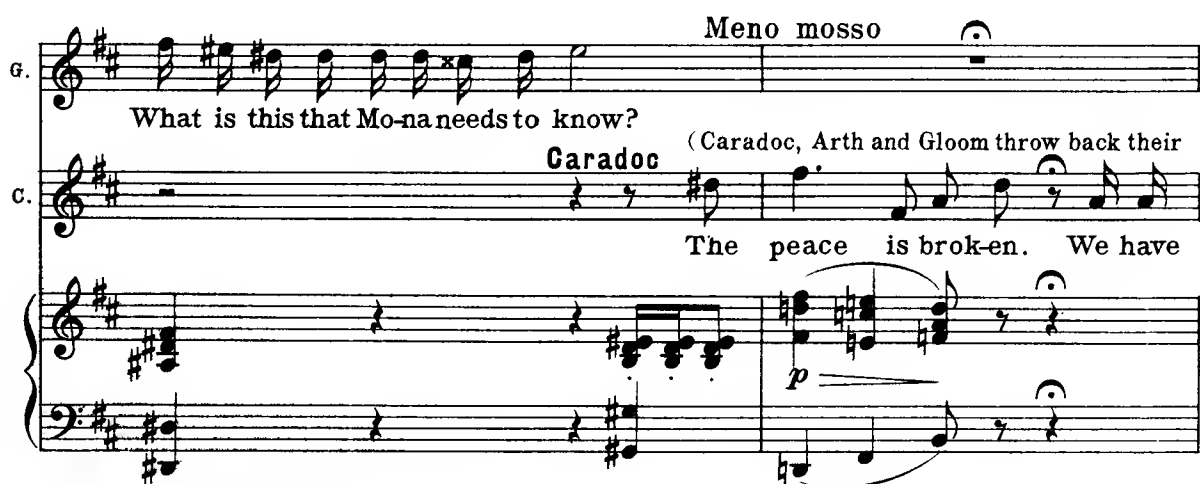
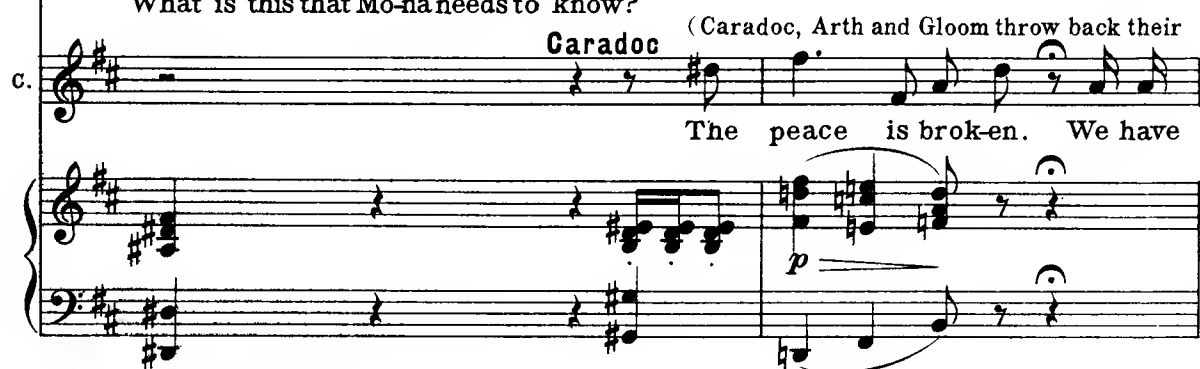
And with thee, peace.—

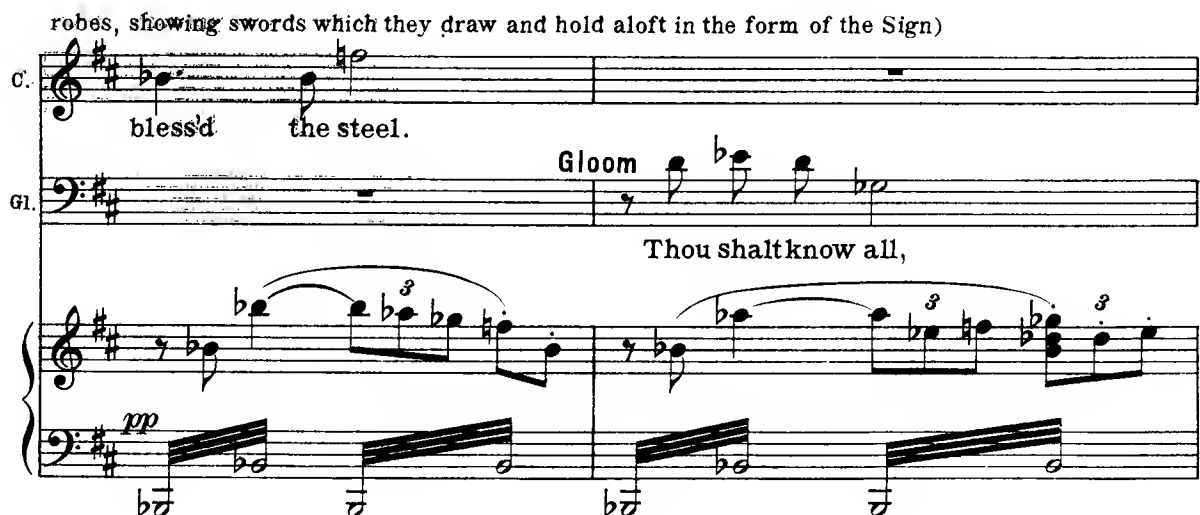

pp

Risoluto
Caradoc (advancing)

C.  **Now let there be an oath between us.**

Più mosso
Gwynn
 G.  **Nay! I swear no blind oaths! What does Caradoc here?**

Meno mosso
 G.  **What is this that Mo-na needs to know?**
 C.  **Caradoc** (Caradoc, Arth and Gloom throw back their
The peace is broken. We have

robes, showing swords which they draw and hold aloft in the form of the Sign)
 C.  **blest the steel.**
 Gl.  **Gloom**
Thou shalt know all,

Gwynn *Molto agitato*

This is thy do-ing, Gloom!

be-ing made one with us.

Molto agitato

sfz

G. Thou hast un-done Brit-ain and all our la-bor.

ff

Arth *ff pesante*

Bah! He loves Rome o-ver-well, prat-ing of peace, peace, peace!

pesante

Gloom

If a manswear Anoath, and bind his

Put thou no trust in him!

f (♩ = 92)

Gwynn

G. Have we not

Gl. hon-or with a bond, He shall not break his word.

Più agitato

G. sworn An oath to keep the peace of the Great Name? I

Caradoc

swear no oath to drown this land in war. There

Tranquillo

(Gwynn hesitates)

C. is no peace that is not won by war. Be-ing a

cresc. 3

C. Bard, thou art made one with us,

G1. Gloom

A. Arth

Be-ing a Brit-on, thou art one with us!

f

cresc.

a tempo

G1. Mo-na her-self shall make thee one with us!

A. E-nough! Artthou a Roman?

a tempo

p

f

ff

Allegro

Meno mosso

Gwynn

I will

ff

mp

G. swear!
Caradoc
energico (He draws forth from the fire a burning
 C. Then let there be an oath between us!

brand, which he elevates before
 the Sign on the lintel)

Caradoc
 Now, By the three circles round the

(♩ = 80)

C. oak, whose names Are Death, and Life, and God - head,

(Gloom touches the brand, then his own lips and breast;

c. and by the signs Of Earth, and Air, and

c. Arth does likewise;
Fire; and by the pow'r Of the Great

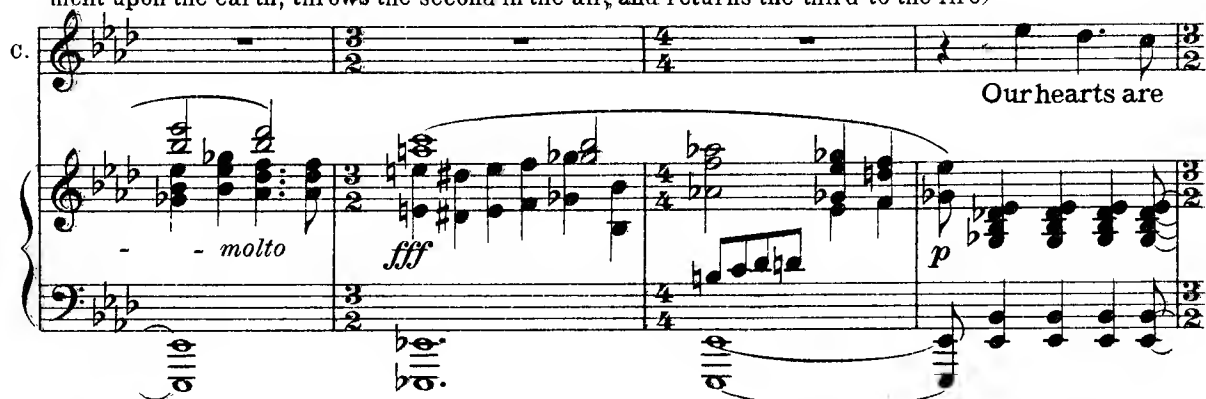
c. and then Gwynn)
Name, _____ which made and

poco cresc.

c. (Caradoc breaks the brand in three, lays one frag-
mak - eth all: _____

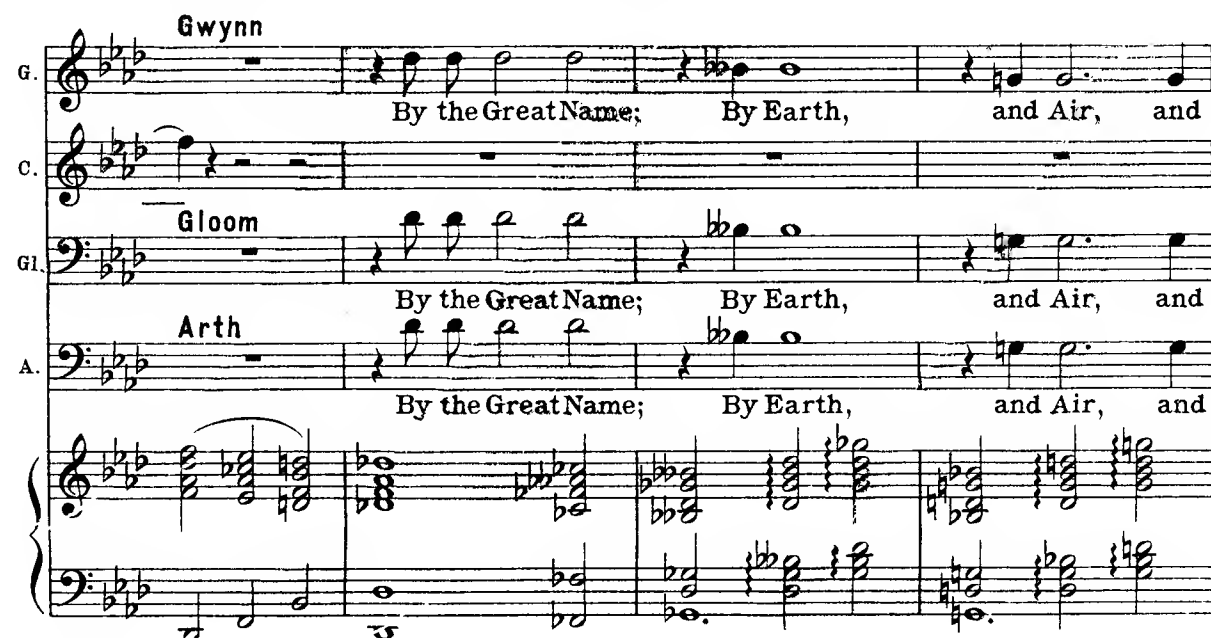
sfz *p* *cresc.*

ment upon the earth, throws the second in the air, and returns the third to the fire)

C. 

C. 

C. 

Gwynn
G. 

Gloom
Gl. 

Arth
A. 

G. Fire, we swear!

Gl. Fire, we swear!

A. Fire, we swear!

Caradoc *Moderato, ma con Gwynn*

The Gor-sedd is de-clared! Ca-

pesante

The musical score is written for three vocal parts (G, Gl, A) and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are 'Fire, we swear!' and 'The Gor-sedd is de-clared!'. The tempo is 'Moderato, ma con Gwynn' and the style is 'pesante'.

G. ra-doc, Thou art old, hav-ing seen gen-e - ra-tions,

G. wise With love and sight and sor-row. Thou hast seen Bo-a-di-ce-a,

G. and the blood-y fall Of that great up-ris-ing, and man-y wars Since then,

G. less-er, but not less vain. Say thou, How Britain shall fight Rome!

Più mosso Caradoc
C. It is true, Gwynn, that all our wars were vain.

ancora più mosso

c. They were but par - tial. Rome is

ancora più mosso

c. Rome! Till now Britain was nev-er Brit-ain.

c. with
We have

pp poco rit. espress.

enthusiasm

c. found That leader long foretold, that shall stamp down The Wolf and

a tempo

c. save Brit-ain- that lead-ersought Thro' many years and tears,

c. *whom all shall trust, E-ven as a babe its*

c. *moth-er, and o-bey As a young maid her*

Più agitato
Gwynn *I know, but where Shall ye bring up one man all will re-ceive As*
c. *love.*

G. *one fore-told? Where find ye such a man?*

Caradoc *No man!* Gwynn *What god, then?* Gloom *Nor no god. We found A*

Allegro

G. *Wo-man? not-* *By God! No! Ye*

C. *Caradoc* *Mo - na!*

Gl. *wo-man! Mo - na!*

A. *Arth* *Mo - na!*

Allegro

f *ff* *f* *3*

G. *shall not make her your sac - ri - fice! Ye shall not drown her* ($\text{♩} = 144$)

f

G. *ritenuto* *ad lib.*

in your surge of blood! Is this the peace ye bless'd this house withal?

ritenuto *ff* *sfz*

Adagio

Caradoc

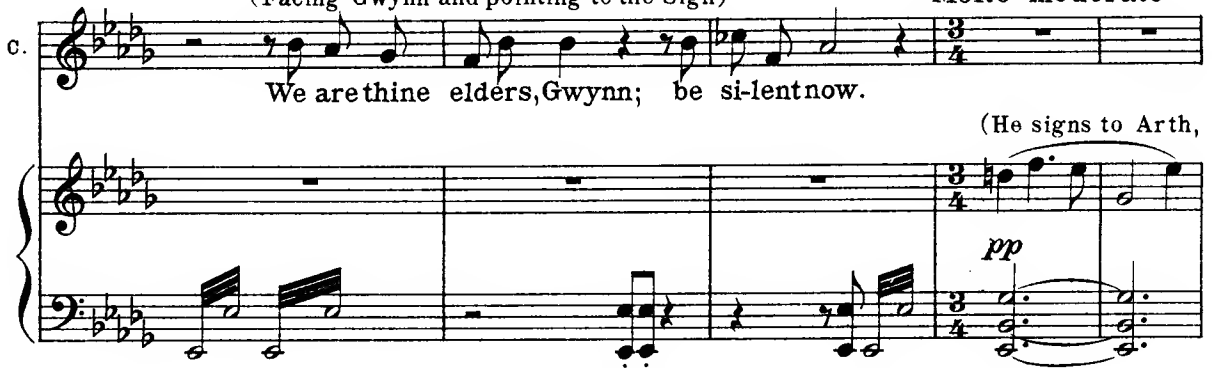
(All have risen)

C. *There is no peace that is not won by war.*

ff *p molto* *sostenuto* *dim.* *pp*

(Facing Gwynn and pointing to the Sign)

Molto moderato

c. 

We are thine elders, Gwynn; be si-lent now.

(He signs to Arth,

pp

who sends Nial for Mona. She enters alone with the sword still in her hand, comes forward



slowly and kneels before Caradoc)



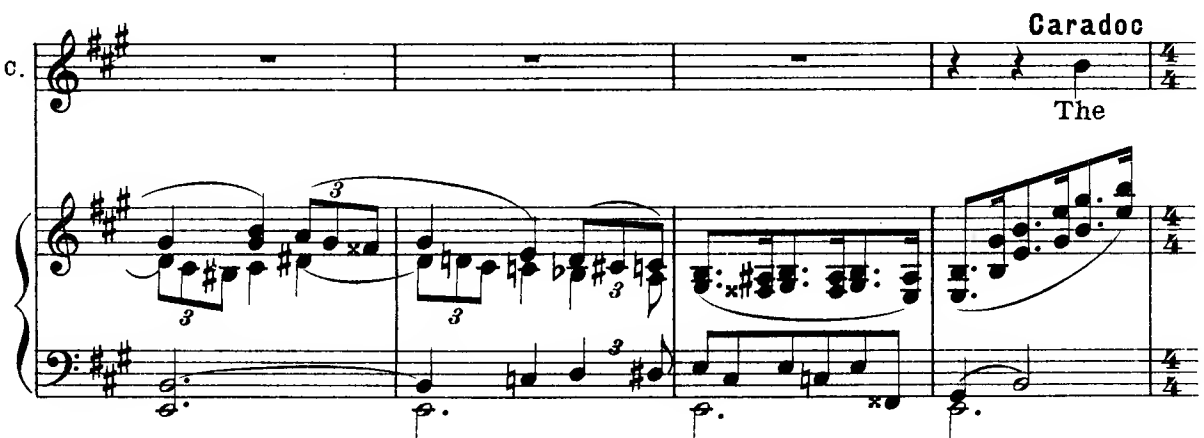
cresc.

ff

dim.

p

pp

c. 

Caradoc

The

(laying his hands upon Mona's head)

C.

Peace of the Great Name _____ up-on thee, and the pow'r

C.

Dwell with thee!

M.

Mona (rising)
It is all so won-der-ful! I to ful-fill pro-phe-cies-

M.

(to Arth)
I not Thy daughter, but a daughter of strange names In an

M. old tale - I to save Brit-ain - Strange as

M. birth! Caradoc (She draws open her robe)

C. Show me the sign, child!

C. Twenty years Past, I be-held that sign, and saved the child For Brit-ain.

M. Strange as love! Strange as death!

C. Sealed with God's great name.

Caradoc

C. Hear now the words of the

Bard!

C. Bard!

Adagio

C. Bo-a-di-ce-a, dy-ing, left her pledge, (For

p *espress.*

C. dy-ing eyes look thro' the veils of time,) That one sprung from her

p

c. seed should lead this land In its great need a-against the Ro-man.

pp

c. Thee, Last of her line by the sign on thy breast, — And by Bard's in-sight,

with great solemnity

c. I re-ceive and de-clare For — the one pro-phe-sied!

f

c. Thee the Great Name Shall guide, — shall guide —

cresc.

c. — where man-y thou-sand fight-ing men Fol-low, to

ad lib. Mosso

C. save, _____ to save Britain!

ff

dim. *pp*

M. *Mona* *Moderato*

Gl. If I were sure - *Gloom*

Are not thy dreams ful -

poco rit. *Moderato* *p*

M. How

Gl. filled of oth-er lives, Mem-o - ra - ble of old wars?

M. — couldst thou know? Surely my dreams re - member!

pp

M. The sea, Rome - The for-est,

pp *pp* *pp staccato*

M. Brit-ain - The sword, war!

pp

G. Gwynn

Re - member Al-so the veiled, white fig-ure with

G. no face! God mocks us with a fu-ture half fore -

G. known!

(crossing to Mona)

G. Thou art a wo-man,

G. Mo-na. To be great, First be a wo-man.

M. Mona (hesitating)

I have had other dreams Of mat-ing and of

M. *moth-er-hood, - not great. But ver-y dear. Gwynn, I*

M. *can-not be A wo-man on-ly! Gloom (sourly)*

Gl. *Nor a pretty toy For lover's lips to lap!*

Risoluto
Gwynn (threateningly)

G. *Gloom! Gloom!*

Arth (sharply, to Mona) *rit.*

A. *Risoluto E-nough words! E-nough words! Dost thou ac - cept thy task?*

Mona (still doubtfully)

M. *What shall I do? What shall I do?*

Adagio **Animato**

(confidently, with complete change of tone)

M. What shall I do? Caradoc

C. The soul speaks! The soul speaks!

f *sfz* *sfz*

Allegro

C. Child and Queen!

Andante, non troppo mosso
(In a patriotic frenzy)

M. Mona

C. Yea! I

G1. Come! Gloom Come!

A. Come! Arth Come!

Andante, non troppo mosso

f *poco f*

M. come! Let the ra-vens fol-low me:

Allegro Andante

M. They shall be filled! Yea! Let the—

M. wolves howl! Yea,— let the wolves howl!

Allegro moderato

M. Fire,— and a sound of battle, and the

più moderato

M. 

whole Man-hood of Brit-ain rag-ing down to hurl The wolf - born

più moderato

M. 

Ro-man back in-to the sea! Our towns made

a tempo

f

M. 

strong once more, our wast - ed shrines Made ho - - - ly,

M. 

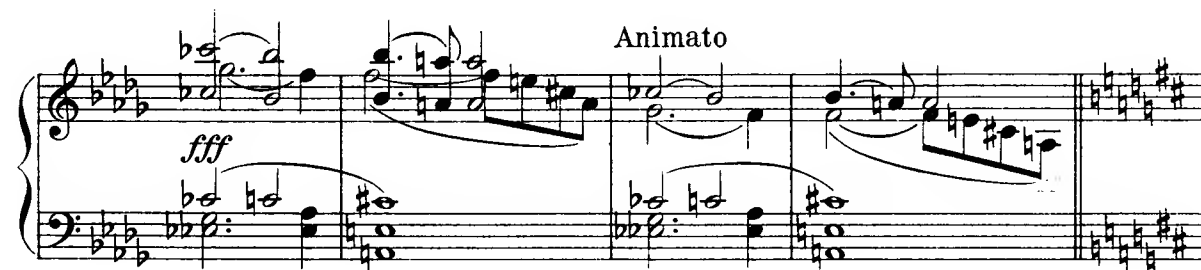
Dru-id and Bard called forth a - gain From lurk-ing in for -

M. 

got - - ten dens, to fare Once more in hon-or o-ver a

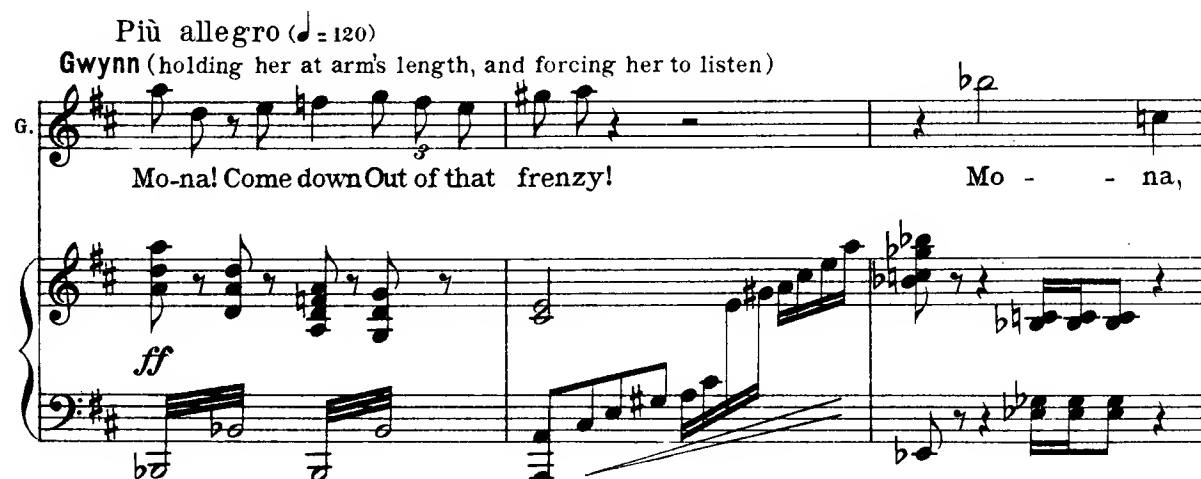
M. 

free land, Sing-ing, and teaching free - dom!

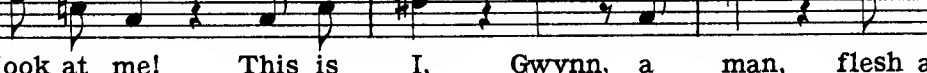


fff Animato

Più allegro (♩ = 120)
Gwynn (holding her at arm's length, and forcing her to listen)

G. 

Mo-na! Come down Out of that frenzy! Mo - - na,

G. 

(she relaxes, and meets his eyes)

G. *I Whose lips and eyes thou lov - est. Now! I say Thou*

p

G. 

G.
 Love or war— Choose! *poco riten.*
 C. Caradoc
 Ay, choose well!
 f
 pp *poco riten.*

Gwynn (angrily)
Let her be!

Gloom (to Mona)
Vi-sion or dream- that boy Or Brit-ain- lust or glo - ry!

(♩ = 92)
pp

Thou art fain to madden her with words!

(to Gwynn)
And thou Art fain

f *pp*

to eat her soul for thy de-sire, To keep her wholly for thy

pleasure; and so, Holding her merry body in thine arms, To laugh at

Allegro moderato **Mona** *ff* (aflame with patriotism, waving the sword)

M. *Brit-ain! Old Brit-ain!*

G. *Brit-ain! Old Brit-ain, Ho!_____*

Allegro moderato

M. *Più mosso* *Moderato*

A. *Ho!_____* *Arth* *Ho! Britain! Britain!*

Più mosso *Moderato* *Now let the traitor.*

ff *f*

M. *(to Gwynn)* *ad lib.*

G. *Ho! Gwynn* *Go! Go! I will not hear thy voice nor*

A. *Mo-nal* *per-ish!*

allargando *colla voce*

a tempo **Caradoc** *poco meno mosso*

M. C. see thine eyes For ev-er-more! Nay! We

A. Arth Let me kill! ———

a tempo *ff* *p poco meno mosso*

C. shed No blood in Gor-sedd. If a man swear an oath, ($\text{♩} = 88$)

(exit Gwynn) *Slower*

C. He shall not break his word. Gloom

Gl. For ev-er-more Thou

pp

Gl. shalt not see his face!

p accel. poco a poco

sempre cresc.

(They draw their swords and wave them aloft. Caradoc kneels before Mona)

(They draw their swords and shout)

Caradoc
 C.

Gloom
 G.L.

Arth
 A.

Hail! Child and Queen!

Hail! Child and Queen!

Hail! Child and Queen!

ff

Più mosso

M. And a new song, Terrible with the joy of angry

p

M. *cresc. ed accelerando*

men Gaining and guard - ing free-dom!

cresc. accel. ff

(The tension snaps. She breaks down suddenly, and bursts into tears) *ad libitum* (The others watch her,

M. Gwynn! Ah! Gwynn! For evermore I shall not see his face!

ff p

amazed, all standing)

Slow (♩ = 66)

pp

CURTAIN

cresc. molto ff

ACT II

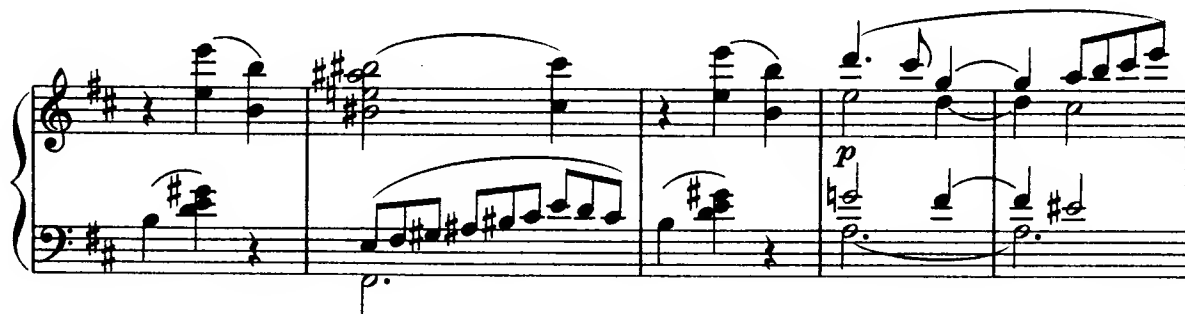
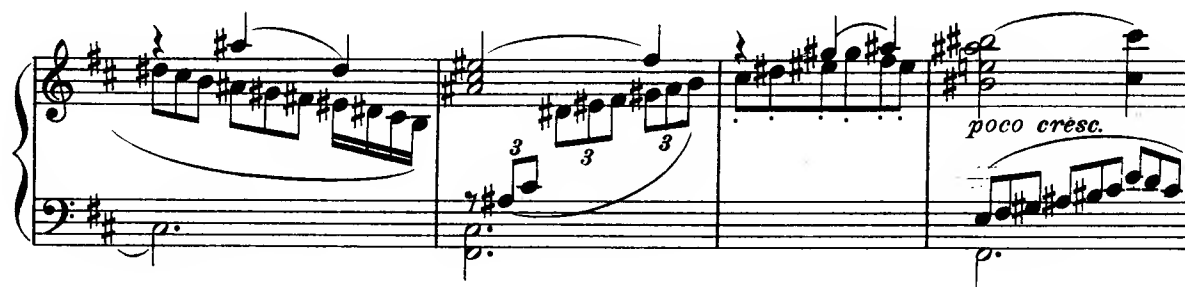
THE SCENE represents a Cromlech, or Druidic open-air temple in the forest: a semicircular stone wall, low and ruinous, with openings at each side and at the rear; behind this a larger semicircle of huge single stones some distance apart; and beyond this again, dim forest. In the centre, a large oak-tree overspreading the entire scene; at its foot, an altar composed of one great block of stone, graven with the Sign of the Name.

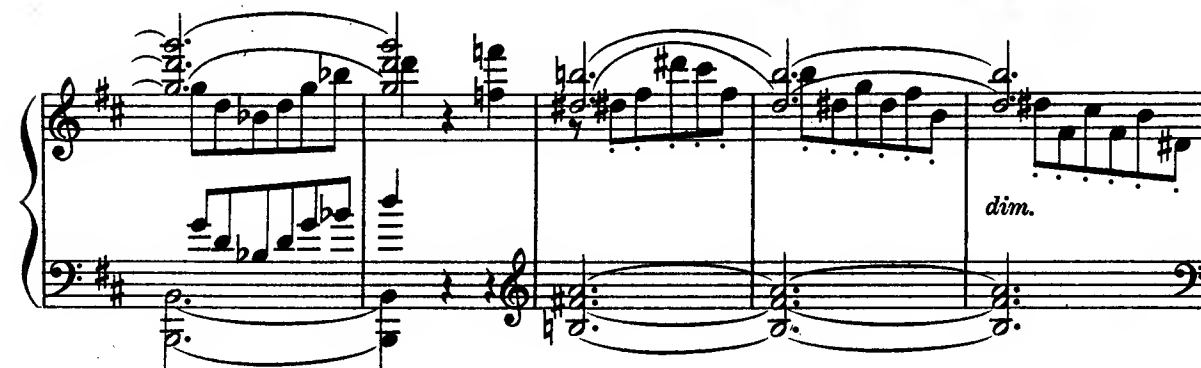
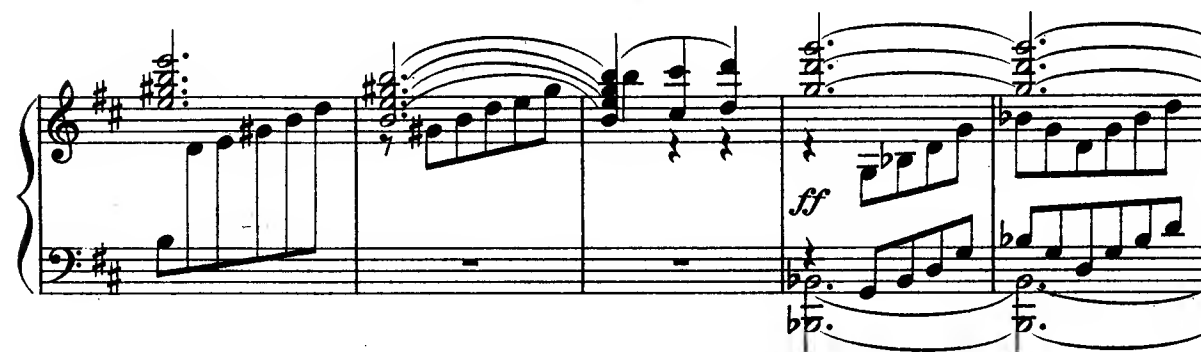
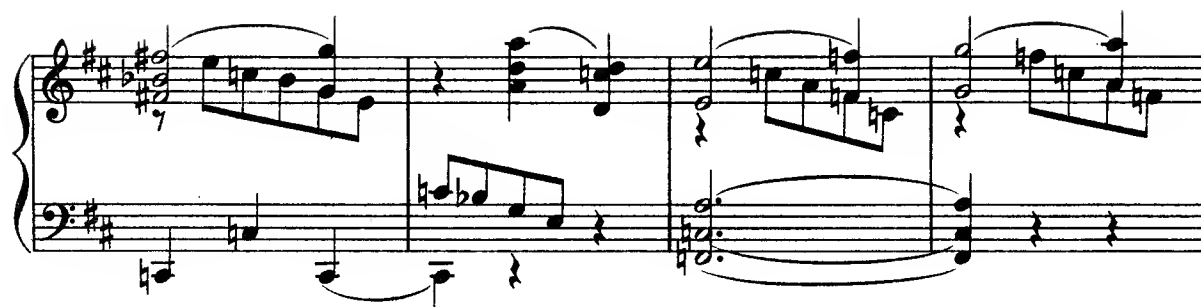
THE TIME, evening, a month later.

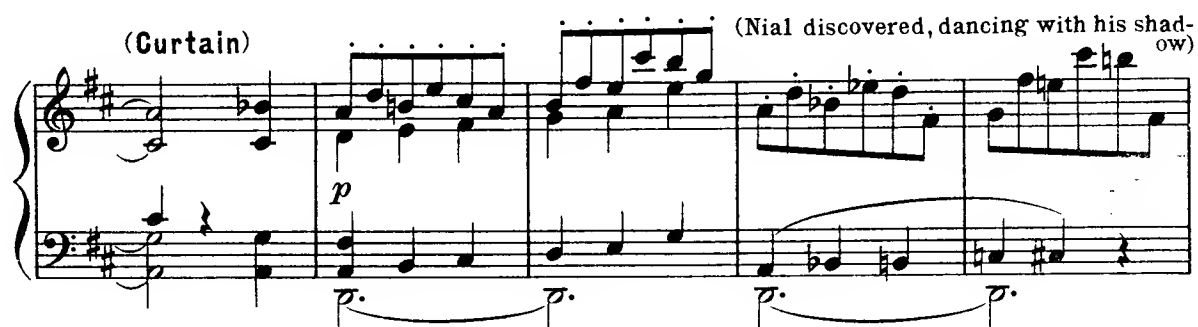
The curtain-rise discovers NIAL alone within the circle, dancing with his shadow.

Allegro (♩. = 54)

The musical score consists of five systems, each with a piano (piano) staff and a violin (violin) staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo is marked 'Allegro' with a quarter note equal to 54 beats per minute. The score includes various musical notations such as triplets, trills, and dynamic markings like 'f', 'dim.', 'p grazioso', and 'delicatamente'. The piano part features a series of chords and single notes, while the violin part includes melodic lines with triplets and trills.







Nial (still dancing)

N. Brother am I to all the trees, and

N. child Of the warm, sweet earth and the merry sun, And

N. all the birds and blossoms and wild things Of the


N. for - est, they are my broth - ers, too.

(A bird appears in the branches above him)

(He pauses, holding up his arms to it)


N.  Come dance With Nial, my


(The bird lights on his hand)

N.  broth - er! They are not a - fraid -

N.  They know I have no soul.

(Dancing again, the bird fluttering about him)

N. 

N.  Is it not brave To breathe sweet

N. breath, and sing un-der the sun, And

N. laugh beside the fire, and have no soul?

(He pauses, thoughtfully)

(♩ = 108)

pp *p*

N. Mo - na and Gloom and

pp

N. Gwynn, all my wise friends...

N. Sure-ly, their souls tor-ment them. They have strange,—

p

N. Hot joys called Love and Hate and Fear, where-with To

un poco meno

un poco meno

N. burn themselves — I cannot un-der-stand:

rit.

rit.

a tempo

N. (dancing again) Nay! I ^{u^{re}} had

pp

N. rather have my play - fel - low To dance with; He

marco.

N. must be my broth - er, too, _____ For the

N. earth and the sun-shine made him.

N. Brother, come, Lance with Ni - all Leap with Ni - all

N. (pausing again)
Ho! _____ Perhaps He is my soul - I

N. won-der — and perhaps *Their* souls are in their shadows, for their

ppp

N. shadows Glean in the dark with strange, bright — col-ors—

N. green, Pur-ple, and crim - son. But my

dim.

N. shadow is gray, And in the dark I have no shadow at

molto rit.

N. all. Perhaps all souls are shadows.

pp molto rit. *accel.*

N. Tempo I Nay, come dance With

p

N. me, my soul! Come

cresc.

N. *più mosso* dance with Ni - al, Broth - - er!

più mosso

N. Come and dance with Ni - al, leap with Ni - al,

dim.

N. *poco rit.*
 dance with Ni - all! Come dance with Ni - all!

N. *molto rit.*
 Perhaps all souls are shadows.

pp molto ritenuto *accelerando poco*

(Enter the Governor, with a few soldiers; Nial shows no fear of them)

a poco e cresc.

Allegro (♩ = 112)

ff

The Governor

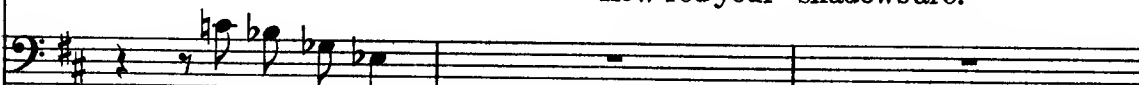
Gov. *ff*
 Seize him!

Meno mosso


Nial (is surrounded)

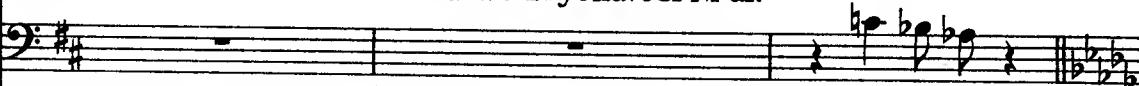
(casually)


N.  How red your shadows are!

Gov.  But slay him not!

 *ff* *p* *Meno mosso* (♩ = 96)

N.  What would ye have Of Ni-al?

Gov.  Come hither!

 *p* *f* *dim.* *Allegro* (♩ = 112)

Gov.  Stand there. Guard him. So — (looking about)

 *p* *f*

Gov.  Footprints! A

 *p* *cresc.* (♩ = 108)

Gov. whole tribe has been gathered here — Women, too.

f *dim.*

3

Meno mosso *a tempo* (to Nial)

Gov. *ff* Ashes! Ay, a sac-rifice. Spears! Listen, thou! What hath be-

(♩ = 112)

p *f a tempo*

3

N. Nial (innocently)

I have been

Gov. fall-en here?

(♩ = 54)

p

N. danc - - ing with my soul.

3

The Governor

Gov. *(♩ = 104)* Answer me! Who met here yes-ternight? How many?

f *3* *dim.*

N. Gloom says I may not

Gov. Whence And why came they? *(♩ = 96)*

p

N. know. *p più mosso* My broth-er. They're all My

Gov. Who is Gloom, then?

f più mosso *p meno mosso*

N. brothers. They have souls, and they are wise. They

rit. *p.* *rit.* *p.*

Tempo più moderato (♩ = 72)

N. say that ye are wolves that eat this land; There -

N. fore they say ye shall all surely die. But how and when,

(curiously)
N. Gloom says I may not know. What it is like, to

(♩ = 96)

N. die?

The Gov. *più mosso* (a soldier threatens Nial with his sword)

Gov. Thou shalt soon learn! A sword, there! Answer now!

pp più mosso f

Nial (quite undisturbed) (naïvely)

N. I can-not an-swer. Gloom says, I may not know. That

(♩ = 88)

pp

N. sword is like the one that Mo-na dreamed of in her dream.---

pp *p espress.*

The Governor

Gov. Bind him! A bow-string round his tem-ples, now! Si-lence him!

p

Allegro

p cresc. *f*

Risoluto (As Nial is about to be tortured, Gwynn enters abruptly) **Gwynn**

G. Fa -

G. ther! Hold! (The Governor

turns to him with unastonished formality) (Gwynn kneels) **The Governor**

Gov. Quin - tus, my

Gov. son, I bless thee!

Gwynn (rising to the soldiers) (to the Governor)

Let him go — un-bind him! Nay, Fa-ther, he

would not speak. He is one from whom, Un-born, earth-dæ-mons reft the

(♩ = 54)

soul a-way—The harm-less emp-ty bod-y of a man!

Moderato (♩ = 72)

Nial (feebly)

I give thee

thanks; They would have done me harm.

pp

N. Sure - ly these are not wolves — the wolves are all My broth-ers.

Gwynn (quieting Nial with a gesture
ad lib. as he turns to the Governor) *a tempo* (He throws off his green robe, showing Ro -

G. Ni-all My fa-ther, ask of me! (♩ = 116)

colla voce *f a tempo*

man tunic beneath)

G. I am a Ro - man sol - dier, and thy son.

The Governor *Poco meno mosso*

Gov. There-fore I came here.

Gov. Man-y tongues have said Thou art a Brit-on, and mine en-e-my.

Gwynn *Più mosso* *Molto risoluto* (♩=84)

G. Dost thou be-lieve this, Fa - ther? The Governor >

Gov. *Più mosso* Quin-tus, no! I be-lieve no dis-

Gov. hon-or of my blood By hear-say: An-swer, there-fore! This

Gov. whole land, Which late lay more at peace than ev - er, now

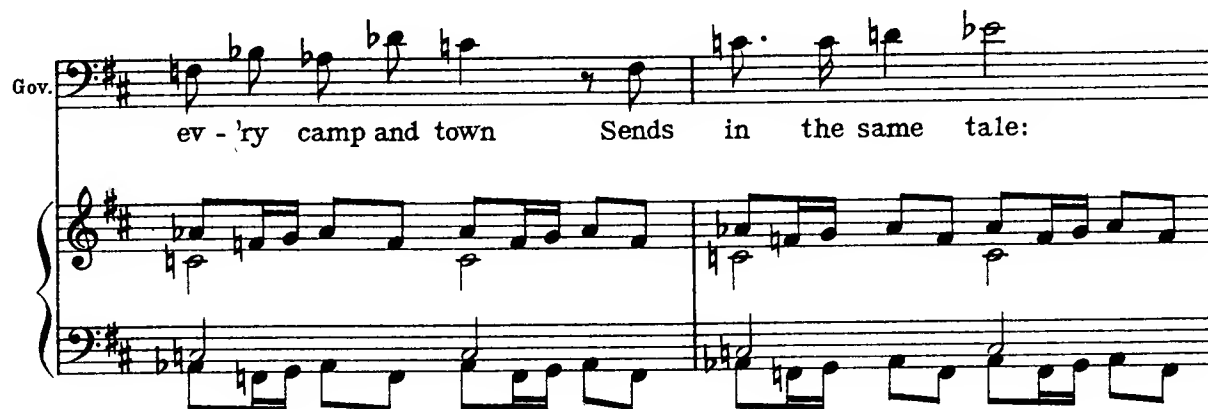
Allegro moderato (♩=100)

Gov. Hums like a hive in swarm.

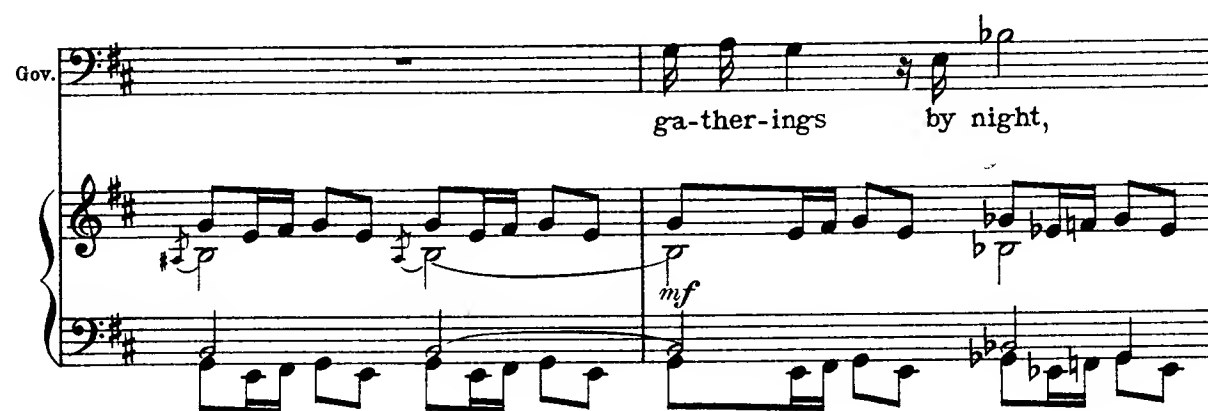
p

Gov. 

O - ver the length And breadth of Brit- ain,

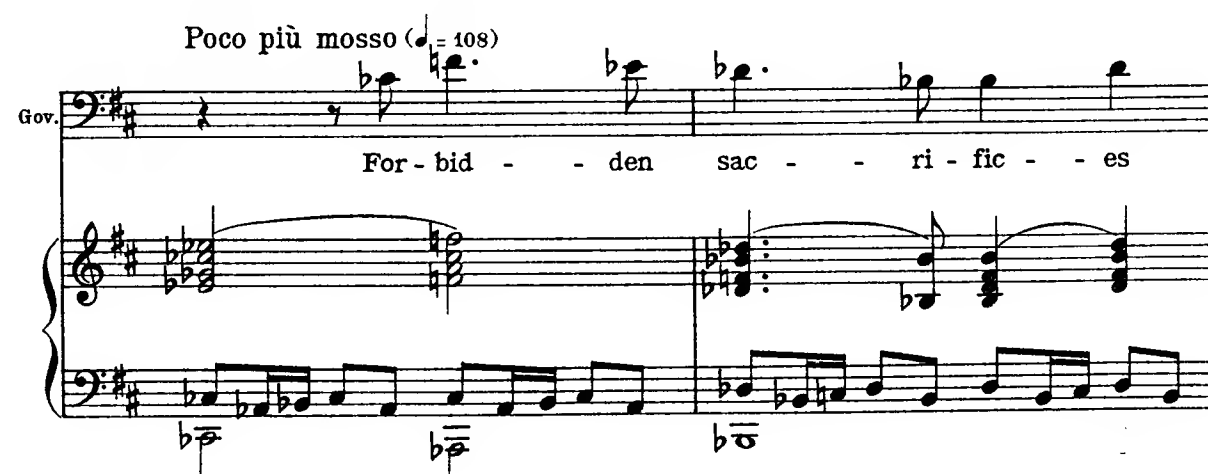
Gov. 

ev - 'ry camp and town Sends in the same tale:

Gov. 

ga-ther-ings by night,


Poco più mosso (♩ = 108)

Gov. 

For - bid - - den sac - - ri - fic - - es

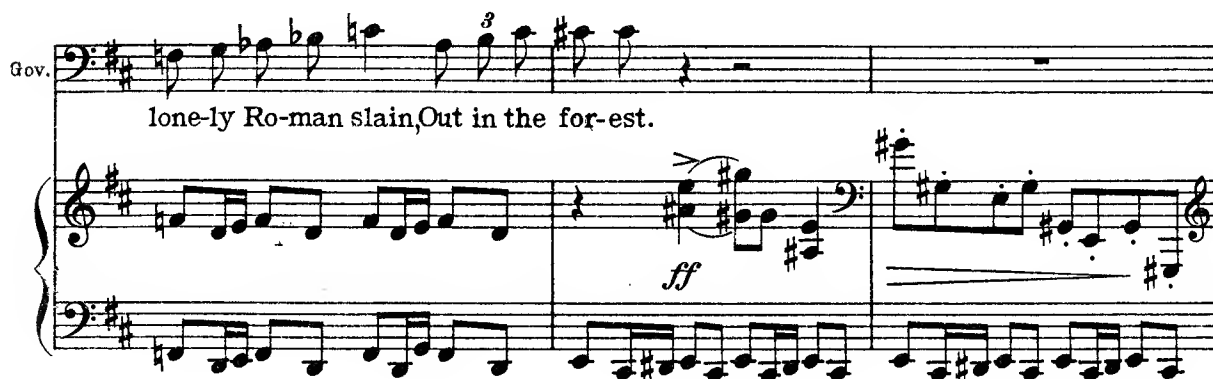
Gov.  in old shrines,

Poco più mosso (♩ = 112)

Gov.  Forg - ing of wea-pons,

Gov.  Dru-ids preach-ing war, And here and there some

p leggiero

Gov.  lone-ly Ro-man slain, Out in the for-est.

ff

Gov. South-ward, our own towns Re - turn se - di - tious ru - mors.

p

Gwynn
It is all true,

Gov. *p* What hast thou To say of this?

(♩ = 116)

f

G. all true!

Poco meno mosso (♩ = 108)

p

Ancora meno mosso (♩ = 96)

Gov. The Governor

I have heard Of one go - ing a - bout a - mong the

p

Gov. tribes To rouse re-volt— a wo - - man,

Gov. beau - - ti-ful.

animato

Più allegro (♩ = 120)

Gov. Her thou hast guard - ed and de-

Gov. fend-ed, held Our gar-ri-sons from seiz-ing her, and

Gov. left Her free to stir up trou-ble at her will. What of this?

Gwynn It is true — I love her!

Meno mosso (♩ = 92)
The Governor

Gov. Boy, Man's hon-or hath no subt-ler en-e-my Than

Gwynn She is more, Fa-ther: she is their
Gov. long-ing for a wo-man.

Animato

G. Queen, e'en as tho' Bo-a-di-ce-a lived on earth a-gain, Whom

G. they be-lieve and fol-low.

cresc. ed animando

G. Win-ning her, I—

ff dim.

p

G. — win — at once all Brit-ain!

The Governor

Gov. Take her, then! I took thy moth-er cap-tive e-ven so;

sfz *dimin.*

Gov. She, ly-ing by my side, saved man - y lives.

p *rit. poco a poco* *poco a poco*

Gwynn Andante espress.

G. Mo - na and I to- geth- er shall save —

pp

G. all. Yet

p

Più agitato

G. *where-in should her bod - y pro - fit me, But if I win her*

Allegro

G. *will?*

Gov. *The Governor*

Animato

Allegro

f

Play not with words! A wo-man's

Gov. *heart is in her bod-y, boy — I had thought thee more a man! E -*

G. *Gwynn*

Gov. *There*

nough! Mean-while, What of this war?

ad lib.

G. was to have been war. There shall be peace.——

Gov. Their plans, then?

Moderato

ad lib. *pp* *p*

G. I have sworn Not to be-tray.

Gov. *ff* *Agitato*

Be-tray! Canst thou be-tray En-e-mies? An

(♩ = 92)

G. An oath to their god that is my god, too.

Gov. *p* *ff*

oath to a bar-ba-ri-an!

The Governor

Gov. is but one god for a man: his name Is Du - ty! Speak!

Gwynn (♩ = 92)

G. Fa - ther, if a man swear, He

p

G. shall not break his word. Nay, hear me!

Piano introduction for 'Gwynn'. The music is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It features a flowing melody in the right hand and a more rhythmic accompaniment in the left hand, with various chords and arpeggios.

Andante espressivo Gwynn

G. All These years of peace — are mine,

dolce

The first vocal line of 'Gwynn' is marked 'Andante espressivo'. The melody is in G major and 4/4 time. The piano accompaniment is marked 'dolce' and features a more rhythmic accompaniment in the left hand.

G. my work, all my work. I went A - mong my

The second vocal line of 'Gwynn' continues the melody in G major and 4/4 time. The piano accompaniment continues with a more rhythmic accompaniment in the left hand.

G. moth - er's peo - ple, owned their god, — Be -

The third vocal line of 'Gwynn' continues the melody in G major and 4/4 time. The piano accompaniment continues with a more rhythmic accompaniment in the left hand.

G. came their Bard, knew them and hon-ored them.

dim. *p.*

The fourth vocal line of 'Gwynn' concludes the melody in G major and 4/4 time. The piano accompaniment concludes with a more rhythmic accompaniment in the left hand, marked 'dim.' and 'p.'.

G. *ad lib.* *a tempo*

Do men love le-gions, or con-fide in foes? They hate Rome.

ad lib. *> a tempo*

G.
 I _____ have healed that

G. 
ha - tred, I have healed their bit - ter
cresc.
dim.

G. 
ha - tred. Now, where the old scars ache, shall we

G. stab a-gain? Shall we stab till the whole bod - y

dim.

G. *ad lib.* per - ish? True, our arms Will crush them down: How long will they

pp ad lib. *pp*

G. lie still? Hearts, ——— not

p espr. *espress.*

G. swords, make our Ro - man prov-in-ces!

G. *Let peace.*

ppp *pp*

G. — make one con - quest that shall en-dure!

**Faster
The Governor**

Gov. Words again! When a sul-len-snarling hound Slinks close be-hind thy heel,

G. *Gwynn* *ff*

Gov. *These are*

dost thou de-lay For par-ley? Strike the first blow, and be done!

Still faster

Allegro moderato (♩ = 108)

G. no curs, to snarl and lick the lash. These are they—

G. —whom great Cæ - sar could not quell!

Più mosso (♩ = 116)

G. My way or thine — one peace, or man-y wars —

G. Choose! Art thou gen-er - al, or

G. *governor?*

ff

3

Gov. *The Governor*

(♩ = 63)

Thou hast failed thy du-ty!

f

G. *Gwynn (steadily)*

Truth, spok-en by a

Gov. *wilt thou teach me mine?*

G. *trai-tor, still is true!*

più mosso

ff

3

The Governor

ad lib.

Gov. See now, I hold these dogs in my two hands,

Gov. And if they move, I break them! Prove thy truth! Save them!

Gov. Thou art their fate. All hangs on thee. Let them

a tempo ($\text{♩} = 104$)

Gwynn *ad lib.* It is well,

Gov. lie still and live, or strike and die! I have spok-en.

pp *p* *ad lib.*

a tempo

G. *I ask no more: Let them lie still and live, or strike and die!*

p a tempo

Andante

G. *Mo - na and I shall hold them harm-less.*

pp

Moderato

The Governor *(looking steadily into Gwynn's eyes)*

Gov. *Boy, Thou hast thy moth-er's blood - If I could*

pp

Gov. *think Thy dou-ble gar-ments hid a dou-ble heart -*

pp

Gwynn (quietly: not theatrically)

G. *a tempo*
Two gar-ments, and but one heart with-in. Two na-tions,
pp *cresc.*

G. *un poco animato*
and one blood. Nay, I con -
f

G. fess That I have let the weight of my great love

G. *appassionato*
Hang round the neck of du - ty; I pray thee,
3/4

G. Trust me, or trust me nev - er!

ff *dim.*

p.

Gov. The Governor

Be it so! I trust thee then, my son!

f *ritenuto*

p.

Gov. (they grip hands)

If thy faith fail, let me die!

pp

Gwynn *ad lib.*

The dusk falls. Ye are too few For safe-ty. I will guide you to the

colla voce

G. *a tempo* (Exeunt, followed by the soldiers)

town.

a tempo (♩ = 100)

p

Nial

N. Red shad-ows - and the

Poco meno mosso (♩ = 88)

N. souls of an-gry men -

pp *espress.*

N. Or else all a dream!

Allegretto (♩ = 50)
(lying down by the altar)

ad lib.

N. Night, and cool winds.

ad lib. *p*

ad lib.

N. How still the forest is, Now they are gone! My brothers are a -

pp colla voce *a tempo*

Poco meno mosso (♩ = 112)

N. 

sleep Al-read-y. On-ly the hushed owl drifts by

N. 

Si-lent-ly as a wing-ed shad - ow - And there The

N. 

quick bat flutters past, a mes-sen-ger To wake the

N. 

Lit-tle Peo-ple. Ni-al knows!

N. 

Now the small voic-es un-der all the leaves Are tell-ing

(Enter Mona and Gloom)

Mona

N. M. se-crets. Ni-al! Art thou a-lone?

Meno mosso

pp *ppp*

Nial (rising)

N. My sis-ter! Thou art ver-y beau-ti-ful, And ver-y

N. far a-way. The Lit-tle Peo-ple will be

Gloom *mf*

Ni-al, what news?

p

N. out. The bat Has just gone by to call them.

G. Where is

N. *I know not.* (Exit Nial)

Gl. *Arth? Go And seek him.*

pp

a tempo

Gl. *We have lit-tle space to dream. Our war begins at*
(♩ = 96)

Gl. *mid-night. Be - fore then, Sac - ri-fice and sword-giv-ing.*

Gl. *Pres-ent-ly the Bards meet. Hast thou kept The tal-lies?*

Mona (She hands them to him. He seats himself on the rocks, examining them)

Here.

Gloom *Meno mosso* (♩ = 80)

Twelve my-ri-ad fight-ing men! Rome hath not half so man-y

souls a-live In Britain. We are read-y:

to-night, war; To-mor-row, vic-to-ry!—

Mona

M. If we our-selves Fail not.

Gl. Dost thou fear failure?

p

M. Nay, not fear - On - ly - all hangs on us. If

p

poco a poco animando e cresc.

M. yon - der town Fall to-night, then from hill to hill our fires Will

poco a poco animando e cresc.

M. flash the ti - dings, till all Brit-ain flares In-to one

f

M. *rit.*
blaze ere dawn. But if we fail, How

dim. subito e rit.

M. then? Were it not bet-ter all should strike At one

p *pp*

M. fore-cho-sen hour, waiting no sign?

Gl. Gloom

What mat-ter? We but prove our

(rising, and coming toward her)

Gl. faith. Nay, more. Thou art here.

poco cresc. ed animato

G1. Thou, the Old Queen's self re-born, Our lead-er and our strength.

poco f

p.

G1. *Più mosso*

What fight can fail Where thou art? All the hope of Brit-ain

M. *Mona rit. meno mosso*

I to fight with men, To

G1. waits Thee, and thee on-ly!

rit. pp meno mosso

M. pierce flesh and see blood flow— *più animato*

G1. Thou to save And con-quer! Nay,

f più animato

a tempo

Gl. fear not— thy wo-man-hood And the beau-ty of thee shall burn be-fore us
(♩ = 92)

a tempo

Gl. fair And ter-ri-ble, a sweet white flame of war,

poco animando

Gl. A light from old years, and a won - der-ful death!

cresc. *poco animando*

Gl. A light, a death, and a dream — plunging down e-

M. *Mona*

poco rit. Gloom, thou art

Gl. ter-ni-ty— To change—the world!

f *poco rit.* *f*

M. *a tempo animato*

glo - rious! If I were sure— Broth-er and

Gl. Thou and I throned— a-bove Re-joic-ing free - dom;

a tempo p animato

M. sis - ter! Broth - er and sis - ter!

Gl. Priest and prophet-ess— One soul,

cresc. ed accel.

M. Let my work not fail; I ask no

cresc. ed accel.

Gl. on - ly one soul, to be re-mem-bered when our

cresc. ed accel.

M. more— Take thou the glo - - - ry!


Gl. bones blos-som to-geth - er!

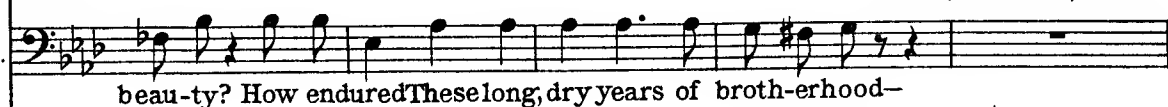
ff *sfz*

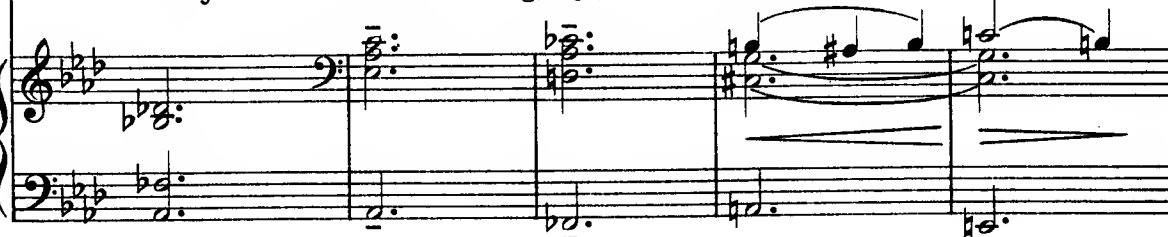
Gl. Child, How have I an-y glo-ry but in thee? How have I borne thy


sfz p *dim.*

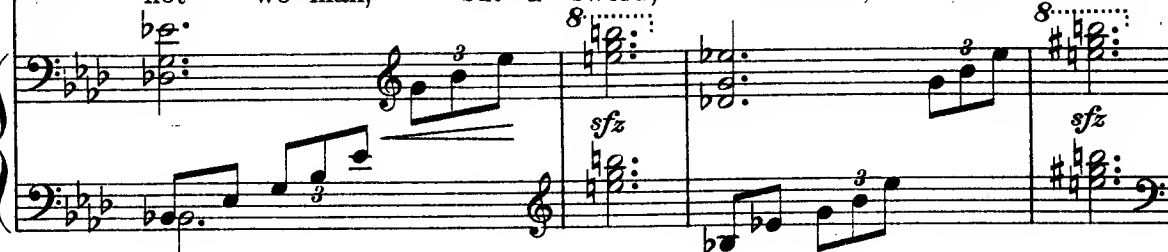
Mona (warningly, retreating from him)

M.  Gloom, Gloom, I am

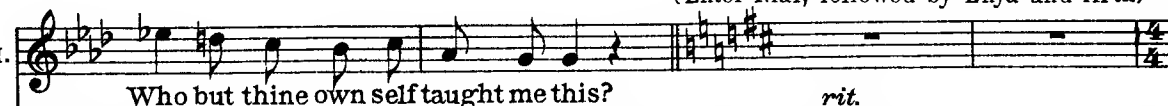
Gl.  beau-ty? How endured These long, dry years of broth-erhood—




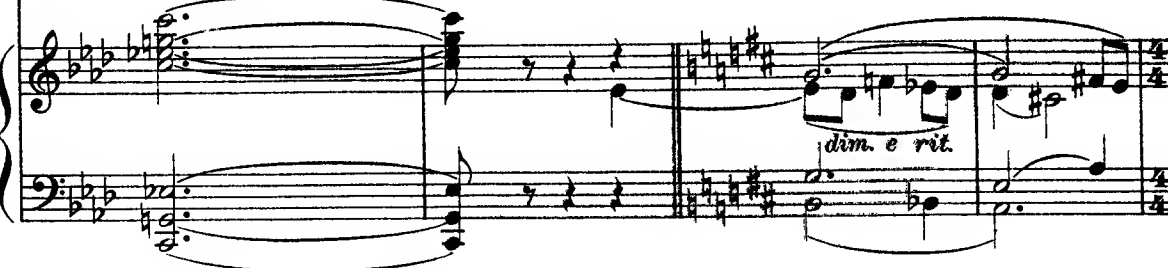
M.  not wo-man, but a sword; not flesh, But steel.



(Enter Nial, followed by Enya and Arth)

M.  Who but thine own self taught me this?

Gl.  Gloom It is true.



Nial

N.  They are here, un-der the moon; Their

(♩ = 88)



N.
E. *riten.*
souls reach out be-fore them. My lit-tle one That loved me!

*espress.
riten.*

Gloom

Gl. We count Twelve my-ri-ad fight-ing-men.

Arth

A. Gloom, how have ye fared? And the

(♩ = 80)

p *f*

più mosso

Gl. To-mor-row! We our-selves move at mid-night

A. time?

più mosso

dim. *p*

Gl. on the town.

A. Our-selves first? I grow

cresc. *meno mosso*

Feroce (♩ = 92)

A. young a-gain! Ha! wolves That feast and frolic

ff

f

A. yon-der, sweet with oil And glad with gar-lands, it shall not be

M. *Mona* *poco*
Un-til the

A. long, Not long, now, till the end!

p

M. *rit.* *Enya*
end! the end! Child, art thou that same child that

E. *p poco rit.* *f* (♩ = 100)

E. pushed my breast With ba-by hands and wailed? Thou art glo-ri-fied!

E. *animato*
There is a light a-bout thee, and a pow'r—

Mona (before the altar, with uplifted arms)
meno mosso

M. I have re-mem-bered old years, and seen men Fall down and

Enya *animato*
Did they be-lieve,— All those wild folk?

M. wor-ship me. It is as if these

M. *3*
trees Bowed them-selves down be - fore me, as if the
(♩ = 60)
p colla voce

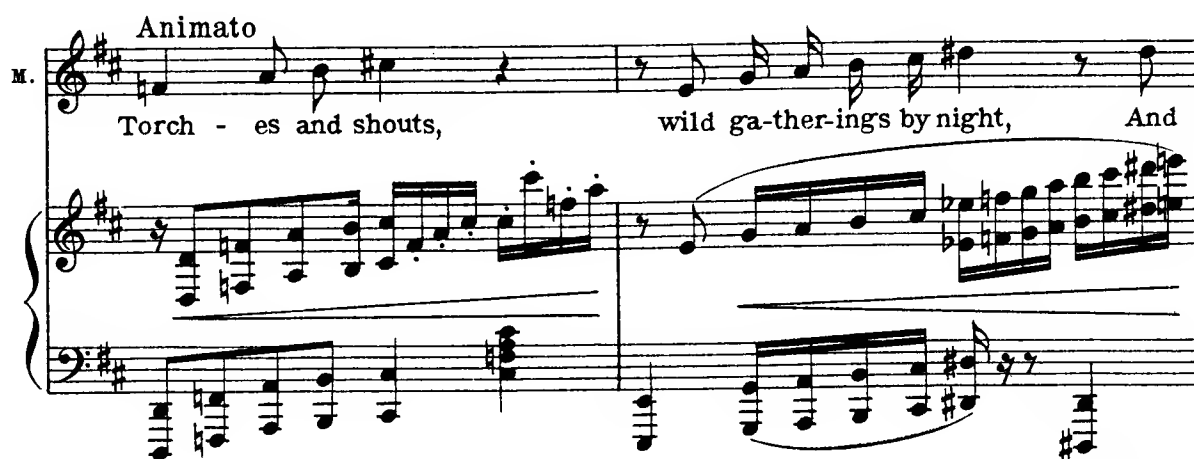
M. *animato* *ritenuto*
sea O - beyed me; yet not me, but what I
animato *p ritenuto*

M. *Lento* (♩ = 50)
am - A vi-sion of swift jour-ney-ings by day, Glim-mer-ing for-ests,
pp

M. *più mosso*
wind - y crags, lone moors Im - mea-sur-a - ble, where birds cry, and
più mosso

M. 

gray sands Thun-der-ous with the ev-er-chang-ing sea—
(♩ = 72)

M. *Animato* 

Torch-es and shouts, wild ga-ther-ings by night, And

M. *ad lib.* 

fire-lit cir-cles of as-ton-ished eyes, Men fall-ing on their fac-es,
ppp colla voce *p*

M. *a tempo* 

oaths and pray'rs: Strange as a dream's ful-fill-ment of a dream!—
(♩ = 80)
pp a tempo

M.

espress.

M.

I have heard voic-es in the dark, _____ and seen

(♩ = 104)

pp

M.

Vi-sions of kings for-got-ten, bid-ding me Go

pp

M.

for-ward, and be strong, and have no fear. I have

M. dreamed of the white world, and

(♩. = 50)

pp

M. God's love Bath - ing me like

M. sweet flame,

M. sweet flame!

Arth (roughly)

A. $(\text{♩} = 92)$ E-nough of dreams! Come, let us feast be-fore the bat-tle—

M. **Mona**
I have no need there-of.

A. Come! The time pass-es. $(\text{♩} = 48)$

E. **Enya**
Is there no dan-ger?

M. Leave me here— for a lit-tle while— to pray.

A. Nay, with

G1. **Gloom** *poco rit.*

A. $(\text{♩} = 88)$ Ni-al at hand No harm can fall. Come then. Fore-doomed,

p staccato. *poco rit.*

Gl. (Exit)

or-dained, Pro-phe-sied!

Musical score for Gl. (Exit). The vocal line is in bass clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The lyrics are "or-dained, Pro-phe-sied!". The piano accompaniment consists of a continuous eighth-note pattern in the left hand and a more melodic line in the right hand.

Nial (listening)

Mo-na,

pp

Musical score for Nial (listening). The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps. The lyrics are "Mo-na,". The piano accompaniment features a piano (*pp*) texture with a melodic line in the right hand and a supporting line in the left hand.

Mona

What is it, Ni-al?

N. hark! The Lit-tle Peo-ple: they are

pp

Musical score for Mona and N. The vocal lines are in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps. The lyrics are "What is it, Ni-al?" for Mona and "hark! The Lit-tle Peo-ple: they are" for N. The piano accompaniment features a piano (*pp*) texture with a melodic line in the right hand and a supporting line in the left hand.

M. Go to them. (Exit Nial)

N. call - - ing me.

Musical score for M. and N. The vocal lines are in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps. The lyrics are "Go to them. (Exit Nial)" for M. and "call - - ing me." for N. The piano accompaniment features a piano (*pp*) texture with a melodic line in the right hand and a supporting line in the left hand.

Andante

(Gwynn is seen, about to enter)

(Mona lays the sword upon the altar, and kneels before it)

M. **Mona**

Night and day,— deed and dream,

pp

M. sight And vi - sion— all one

(Enter Gwynn, softly)

M. faith, all one de - sire — Brit-ain!

(Seeing him, and rising) **Animato**

M. **Gwynn** What dost thou here?

G. God help me now! **Animato** What I have ev-er done.

f

Più mosso

M.  Thou art faith-less! Go!

G. 

Più mosso

 *sfz*

M.  (scornfully) Fear!

G.  Why? Dost thou fear to look up-on me, lest Thine heart change?

 *sfz*

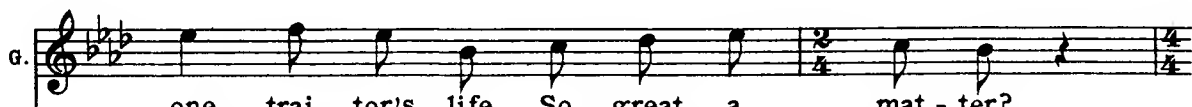
Molto allegro ed agitato

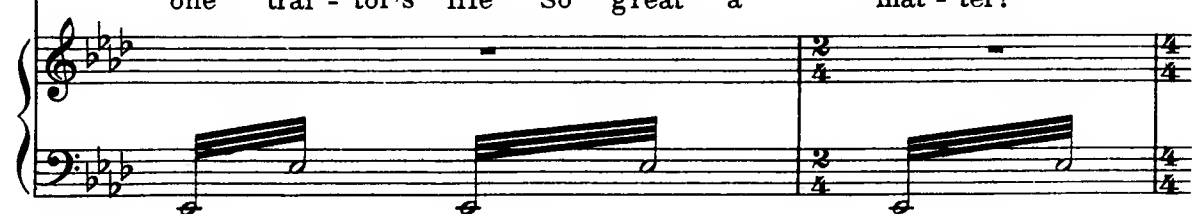
M.  I will not see thy face. Get hence! *ad lib.*

G.  Cry out, then! Is

Molto allegro ed agitato

 *sfz* *colla voce*

G.  one trai-tor's life So great a mat-ter?

 *sfz*

Moderato

G. *3* *3* *3* *>*

Thou that art to slay Thousands ere dawn, canst thou not see me — die?

Allegro molto

M. *>* *>* *Gwynn ad lib.*

G. Go from me! True, thou hast loved me. True, thine heart Cries

ff *pp colla voce*

Allegro (♩ = 120)

G. out for me. What matter? Thou art not flesh, But

G. *3* *8* *8*

steel. Sum - mon thy swords!

sfz

Moderato molto (♩=76)

Mona

M. Gwynn, presently I must fight. It may be that I must die.

p

Allegretto

M. Canst thou not hush that lit-tle flesh-ly wail Call'd love, and leave me

pp

Andante (gesturing to

M. here with God? I bear the sign here of a

G. Gwynn Canst thou?

sfz *pp*

the sign on her breast)

M. great - er thing, Where-to I am re - born. I am

(turning away)

M. not myself, but Britain! Go now!

Molto più animato (♩ = 144)

G. Gwynn

There-fore I am here. — There is yet time to save

pp

ritenuto Andante con moto (♩ = 88)

G. Brit-ain and thee.

ritenuto *dolce*

G. Now

(He takes her suddenly in his arms)

G. all things take one answer! Struggle now— Call to thy friends— Look!

pp dolciss.

G. (♩ = 72) Thou and I, Thou and I a - lone—

pp

G. — In the whole great world, un-der the dim sky, And the

M. *Mona poco rubato*

G. *a piacere* Let me go! Let me go!

night's arms a - round us.

colle voci *dolce*

Gwynn

G. 

Night, and earth yearning up-ward to the moon, And the

(♩ = 92)

G. 

shad - ows call-ing to us, and the winds Diz - zy with

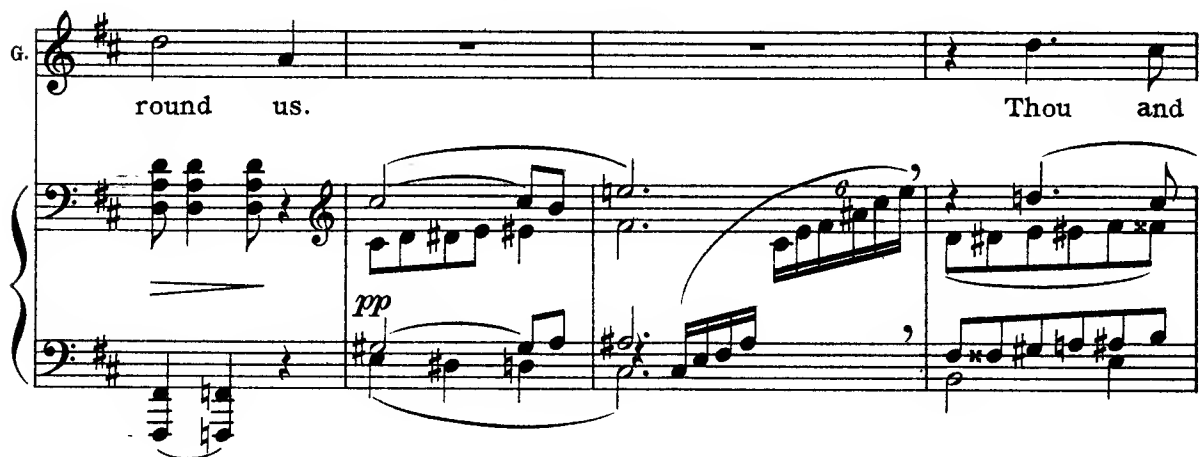
pp

G. 

poco pesante e rit.

sweet, and the sum-mer's huge heart, slow Throbbing a -

poco pesante e rit.

G. 

round us. Thou and

pp

Mona (with closed eyes, feebly)

G. M. I close, close— Be still!— I will not hear thee!

rit. rit.

Più mosso (♩ = 88)

Gwynn

G. Night, and thou Near me a-mid the moon-beams,

p

poco tenuto

G. beau - ti - ful, A lil - y on the gloom of a dim

Andante (♩ = 72)

G. lake, (thou and I,)

Mosso (♩ = 88)

p

G. Thy gold - - en heart wide o - pen to the

G. wind, A fresh-ness, and a fra-grance,

poco animato
G. glimmering up Out of cool depths,- a wild bird with glad eyes, A

poco animato *pp*

G. *riten.* *Poco adagio*
mys-ter-y be-yond all dream-ing dear, Ho - -

riten. *pp*

G. *- -* - *li-er* than the hope of pleas - ing God,

G. *poco animato*
More to be hun-ger'd af-ter, more than lost youth!

Moderato con anima (♩ = 80)

G. Now _____ I make mine own all I have known so long _____

G. _____ for mine!

Più largo

G. Arms — and lips, life and glo - ry,

f *p*

G. mine, mine, mine!

a tempo
(♩ = 100)
ff a tempo

G. (He releases her, she stands dazed)

Più mosso (♩ = 116)

fff

G. (sharply) *p* (offering her the sword)

Take thy sword. I shall die by that same blade. So be it. Strike

p

Allegro (♩ = 126)

G. now!

ff

M. Mona

Ah, Gwynn!

ff

M. (she stretches out her arms)

Ah, Gwynn! Oh come to me! Come to me!

G. Gwynn

Mo - - na!

(♩ = 108)

f

M. to him; they hold each other)

Come to me! Come to me! Ah! Gwynn!

riten.

pp riten.

Andante Molto moderato

M. *Gwynn* Thou and I, Close, close! There is a

G. Thou and I, Close, close!

Andante (♩ = 72) Molto moderato

pp *pp*

M. cloud o-ver the moon. I cannot see thy face.

G. Night, and thou near me in the

M. On - ly thine arms a - round me like strong sleep! Only thy

G. warm gloom: On thy lips a faint - - ness and a flame!

M. voice, And all our children laughing in thine eyes!

G. All our dreams

Tempo moderato

M. And it is good for me to put a-way Wear - i-ness,

G. *rit.* New-born, sweet with sur - ren - der,

Tempo moderato

M. and the fe - ver of high deeds, And the dry

G. All our dreams newborn,

poco rit.

M. hun - ger.

G. won - - - der - ful, ho - - ly!

poco rit.

poco rit.

M. Now _____ earth

G. _____

tranquillo

pp

M. sinks _____ and swims, Fall - ing -

G. _____ Fall - ing -

M. 

Now earth sinks and swims, Fall - - ing,

G. 

Now earth sinks and swims, Fall - -



M. 

And the great riv - er of joy

G. 

- ing, And the great riv - er of joy



M. 

flows down, flows down, In -

G. 

flows down, flows down, In -



M. ev - i - ta - ble, ten - der, lu - mi - nous,

G. ev - i - ta - ble, ten - der, lu - mi - nous,

M. And whelms

G. And whelms

M. me, and I float un - der the moon Qui - et - ly,

G. me, and I float un - der the moon Qui - et - ly,

pp

M. toward the foam - bright sea, _____ Where the

G. toward the foam - bright sea, _____

M. glimmering shores grow faint, and darkness covers and buries the

G. Where the glimmering shores grow faint, and dark - ness -

M. sky, and the stars drown, and the deep rises over me, -

G. And the stars drown, and the deep _____ rises

M. and I dream. How soft Thy hair is, Gwynn!

G. o'er me, and I dream.

ppp

Molto piano e moderato

M. *Mona ad lib.* Far off in the dead void

colla voce ppp

M. Torches flare, and I hear a murmur - ing Of old wars, and fierce

Tempo giusto

M.
mul - ti - tudes that howl — For me to lead them — like some old, ill

p *pp*

G.
dream. Ah! let me not re - mem - ber - Dear, I bid thee Re -

ad lib. *Animato* *Gwynn*

poco rit. *colla voce* *p*

G.
mem - ber, and re - joice in all! This night Hast thou saved Britain -

M.
Brit - ain! Let me go! What have I done?

Mona *rit.* *p* *rit.*

(she frees herself, and rises. Gwynn also is on his feet)

Più mosso (♩ = 104)

Gwynn (confidently, not realizing what he has done)

G. I would not speak till now, I would not buy thy heart for prom - is - es:

G. Now it is fin-ished! I must have thee first Made Queen

Più agitato

G. o - ver all Britain, then all mine!

G. Now all for peace! 'Let them lie still and live, Or strike and die!'

G. Mo-na! Hear me! We two Shall join in our firm love

poco f

Mona (dully, groping with her hands)

M. Gwynn, I can-not see thy face. It is

G. Britain and Rome For ev-er!

ad lib.

f colla voce

M. *a tempo* Gwynn (unheeding) Sempre più mosso (♩=144)

G. all dark. Dost thou need proof? What held The Ro-man garrisons from

a tempo

p

G. tak-ing thee? Child, thou hadst been a pris-on-er twenty times But for

Mona (harshly)

G. M. *ff*

me! What hast thou to do with Rome?

f *ff*

Più mosso (♩ = 60)
Gwynn

G. *f*

No less than thou with Brit - ain. My one voice Answers for

Mona

M. *ff*

What hast thou to do With Rome?

G. Rome here! *ff*

Alla marcia

M. *p*

G. *p*

Alla marcia (♩ = 116) I am Ro-man born.

M. Thou, Ro-man?

G. Yea! ——— more - o - ver ———

f *accel. e cresc.*

M. Help, ho! Trea - son! Help, ho! By

G. Mo - na!

(♩ = 132)

f

(she swings the sword at him. He wrests it from her)

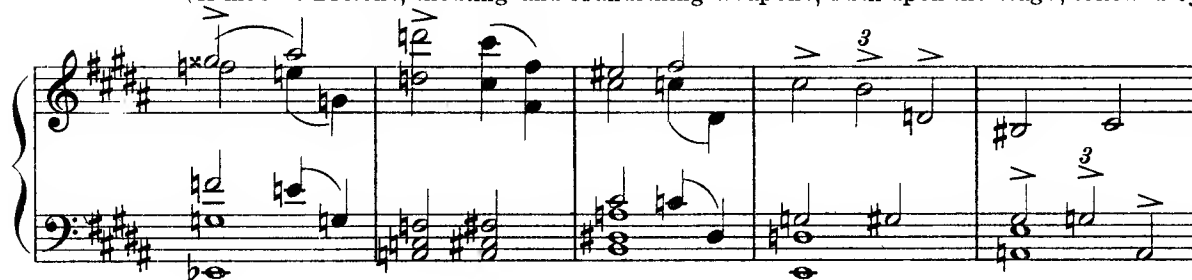
M. this same blade it is thy doom to die!

(♩ = 72)

p subito *ff*

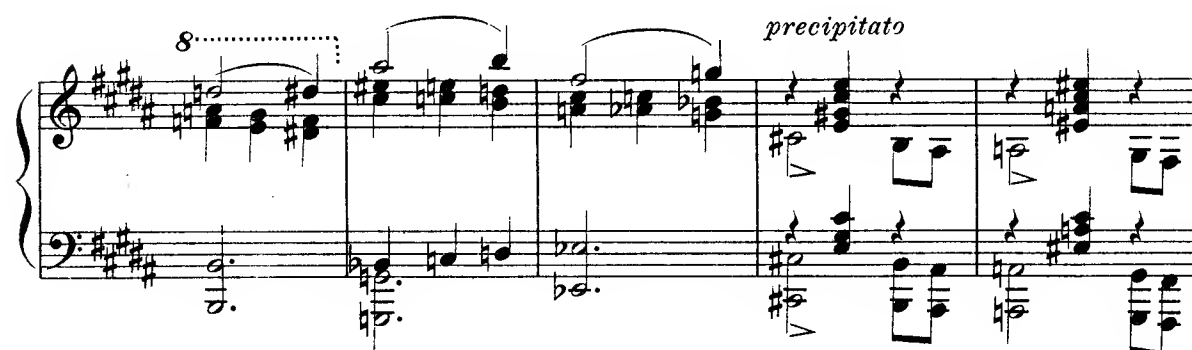


(A mob of Britons, shouting and brandishing weapons, rush upon the stage, followed by



L'istesso tempo ma sempre più animato

Druids and Bards led by Gloom and Caradoc. Enya and Arth are among the Britons)



(♩ = 132) 8

Gloom (attacking Gwynn)

At last! _____

Arth (attacking Gwynn)

Ha! Gwynn! the peace-maker! Ha! Gwynn! the peace-maker!

8

(Gwynn beats them off, but is overpowered by the crowd. As he is about to be slain, Mona Enya

E. Enya

Blood! Woe!

A. Arth

Ha, Gwynn!

Women

The Crowd Who is he? Who is he? Who is he? Who is he?

Men

Who is he? Who is he? Who is he? Who is he?

interferes suddenly.)

Mona

M.  Hold _____ now!

Arth

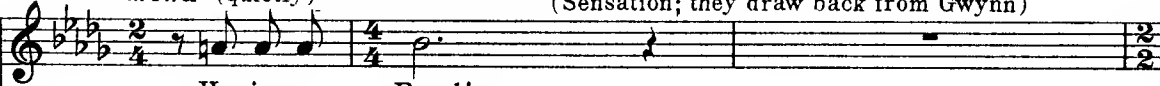
A.  Ha, Gwynn!


 Who is he? Who is he? Who is he?

 Who is he? Who is he? Who is he?



Mona (quietly) **Moderato** (Sensation; they draw back from Gwynn)

M.  He is a Bard!



Presto

Caradoc (The tumult is renewed, and Gwynn is again threatened)

C. *ff* He is not one of us! He is not one of us!

G. *ff* Gloom Heed her not! Heed her not! Kill! Kill!

A. Arth Kill! Kill!

Presto

Mona (interposing)

M. Hold off!

C. Caradoc not one of us! not one of us! not

G. Gloom Heed her not! Heed her not! Kill! Kill! Kill! Kill! Kill! Kill!

A. Arth Kill! Kill! Kill! Kill! Kill! Kill!

All the Women

The Crowd

Who is he? Who is he? Who is he?

All the Men *ff* Who is he? Who, who is he?

(facing the leaders)

M. On your lives! Back!

C. one of us! not one of us!

Gl. Heed her not! Heed her not!

A. Kill! Kill! Kill! Kill!

Who is he? Who is he?

Who is he? Who is he?

Mona

M. Who am I? An-swer me!

Who am I? Who am I?

Maestoso (They draw back)

Allegro

E. **Enya** The queen! (Hurriedly, turning to the crowd, and creating a diversion) (Gwynn is removed, under guard)

M. **Mona** Bind him, and lead him hence; Dohimno

C. **Caradoc** The queen!

Gl. **Gloom** The queen!

A. **Arth** The queen!

Chorus The queen!

The queen!

Maestoso (♩ = 6) Allegro (♩ = 132)

f

Meno mosso ma molto agitato

M. harm! Give out the swords. Wait not For midnight! Call the war-riors!

(♩ = 88)

Allegro con fuoco

M. *Gwynn* (departing) *accelerando* I am the time! O -

G. *Car.* 'Tis not time! 'Tis not time! *accelerando*

C. 'Tis not time! 'Tis not time! *accelerando*

Gl. 'Tis not time! 'Tis not time! *accelerando*

Gl. 'Tis not time! 'Tis not time! *accelerando*

A. 'Tis not time! 'Tis not time! *accelerando*

Allegro con fuoco (♩ = 92)

accelerando *f*

(The stage is in a tumult, with men hurrying about, and *più mosso*)

M. bey! Give out the swords! Rouse the tribe!

ff più mosso

bringing in weapons, etc. The Druids and Bards gather about the altar,

M. Sound the gath'ring! Bring hides, Fag-ots and lad-ders! Give

Tempo giusto (♩=120)

M. *each man a torch! To your work, Druids!*

mf

the sign of the Name!

M. *On-ward by the Sign of the Name!*

8

M. *Britain, ho! Old Britain! Death to*

M. *Rome! Death to Rome!*

f

poco a poco

riten.

(Mona, Gloom and Caradoc at the altar. Enya and Arth among the crowd. The movement and preparation continue with increasing system and regularity)

Maestoso
Soprano

Out of the dim dens — Un-der the moun - tains —

Alto

Out of the dim dens — Un-der the moun - tains —

Tenor

Out of the dim dens — Un-der the moun - tains —

Bass

Out of the dim dens — Un-der the moun - tains —

Maestoso (♩=96)

Forth from the for - est, — Far from the fen - lands, —

Forth from the for - est, — Far from the fen - lands, —

Forth from the for - est, — Far from the fen - lands, —

Forth from the for - est, — Far from the fen - lands, —

Summon the swords-men, Wak-en the war-riors, Ga-ther the Druids To

Summon the swords-men, Wak-en the war-riors, Ga-ther the Druids To

Summon the swords-men, Wak-en the war-riors, Ga-ther the Druids To

Summon the swords-men, Wak-en the war-riors, Ga-ther the Druids To

battle for Britain: Long swords for old Britain, old Britain! Ru-in to

battle for Britain: Long swords for old Britain, old Britain! Ruin to Rome!—

battle for Britain: Long swords for old Britain, old Britain! Ru-in to

battle for Britain: Long swords for old Britain, old Britain! Ruin to Rome!—

Rome! _____

Rome! _____

The first system of the musical score. It consists of four staves. The top two staves are vocal staves, each with a treble clef and a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat). The bottom two staves are piano accompaniment staves, with a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) and the same key signature. The vocal parts have a long note on the first staff, followed by a rest, and then a long note on the second staff, followed by a rest. The piano accompaniment features a complex, rhythmic pattern in the right hand and a simpler, more melodic pattern in the left hand.

(During the following stanza, the swords are ceremonially given out to Bards and Druids by Mona, assisted by Gloom and Caradoc)

pp subito

p

The second system of the musical score. It consists of two staves. The top staff is a piano accompaniment staff with a treble clef and a key signature of three flats. It features a complex, rhythmic pattern with many beamed sixteenth notes. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment staff with a bass clef and the same key signature. It features a simpler, more melodic pattern. The system is marked with *pp subito* and *p*.

p>

By the soul in the flame, _____

p>

By the soul in the flame, _____

p>

By the soul in the flame, _____

p>

By the soul in the flame, _____

p>

By the soul in the flame, _____

8

3 3 3 3

The third system of the musical score. It consists of six staves. The top four staves are vocal staves, each with a treble clef and a key signature of three flats. They all have the same lyrics: "By the soul in the flame, _____". The bottom two staves are piano accompaniment staves, with a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) and the same key signature. The system is marked with *p>* and *8*. The piano accompaniment features a complex, rhythmic pattern in the right hand and a simpler, more melodic pattern in the left hand. The system ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

By the death in the

By the death in the

By the death in the

By the death in the

earth, By the

earth, By the

earth, By the

earth, By the

Poco più mosso

life in the air, _____

life in the air, _____

life in the air, _____

life in the air, _____

8.....

Poco più mosso

— By the sound of the

— By the sound of the

— By the sound of the

— By the sound of the

8.....

Name _____ That no mor-tal may bear, Bringing
 Name _____ That no mor-tal may bear, Bringing
 Name _____ That no mor-tal may bear, Bringing
 Name _____ That no mor-tal may bear, Bringing

p

M. Mona
For the
fff a - ges to birth; _____
fff a - ges to birth; _____
fff a - ges to birth; _____
fff a - ges to birth; _____
 a - ges to birth; _____

ff *p* *p*

M. 

free-dom de - nied us, For the shame of the slave, Give

For the freedom de - nied us, For the shame of the slave, Give

For the freedom de - nied us, For the shame of the slave, Give

For the freedom de - nied us, For the shame of the slave, Give

For the freedom de - nied us, For the shame of the slave, Give

M. 

swords to the swordless, Bright blades to the Bards!

swords to the sword - less, Bright blades to the Bards!

swords to the sword - less, Bright blades to the Bards! —

swords to the sword - less, Bright blades to the Bards!

swords to the sword - less, Bright blades to the Bards!

White Death to the Dru-ids To guard us, to guide us, To slay and to

White Death to the Dru-ids To guard us, to guide us, To slay and to

White Death to the Dru-ids To guard us, to guide us, To slay and to

White Death to the Dru-ids To guard us, to guide us, To slay and to

(♩ = ♩)

p

sfz save!

sfz save!

sfz save!

sfz save!

sfz save!

f *dim.*

(As the priests receive their swords, they rush out, one by one, to the attack ---)

Tenor Tempo I

God is grown hungry, — Watch-ing our weak - ness,

God is grown hungry, — Watch-ing our weak - ness,

Tempo I

p

p

Hun-gry, be-hold-ing us Frail and faint-heart-ed!

Hun-gry, be-hold-ing us Frail and faint-heart-ed!

p

p

Soprano

f *poco a poco più mosso*

Slay we a sa-crifice There-fore to feed him, Rouse the ra - vens, *poco a poco più mosso*

f *poco a poco più mosso*

Slay we a sa-crifice There-fore to feed him, Rouse the ra - vens, *poco a poco più mosso*

f *poco a poco più mosso*

Slay we a sa-crifice There-fore to feed him, Rouse the ra - vens, *poco a poco più mosso*

f *poco a poco più mosso*

f *poco a poco più mosso*

Wak - en the lean wolves! On-ward for Britain! Broad spears for Old

Wak - en the lean wolves! On-ward for Britain! Broad spears for Old

Wak - en the lean wolves! On-ward for Britain! Broad spears for Old

Wak - en the lean wolves! On-ward for Britain! Broad spears for Old

(♩ = 116)

Britain! Old Britain! Ru - in to Rome! ———

Britain! Old Britain! Ru - in to Rome! ———

Britain! Old Britain! Ru - in to Rome! ———

Britain! Old Britain! Ru - in to Rome! ———

(--- followed gradually by the Britons, shouting and tossing their swords, spears,
a tempo

The sword; the de-fender, She is ho - ly and human,

a tempo
ff

and torches; and still singing as they go ---)

She is white like a woman, And shapely and slender; De -
 like a woman, And shapely and slender; De -
 De -
 De -

dim.

manding a master To wield her and bend her. A - flame_ for the foe-man,

manding a master To wield her and bend her. A - flame_ for the foe-man,

manding a master To wield her and bend her. A - flame_ for the foe-man,

manding a master To wield her and bend her. A - flame_ for the foe-man,

A thirst_ for the Roman! Heart's blood of the Roman! Red life and dis - aster!

A thirst_ for the Roman! Heart's blood of the Roman! Red life and dis - aster!

A thirst_ for the Roman! Heart's blood of the Roman! Red life and dis - aster!

A thirst_ for the Roman! Heart's blood of the Roman! Red life and dis - aster!

Re - venge, — and sur - ren - - der!

Re - venge, — and sur - ren - - der!

Re - venge, — and sur - ren - - der!

Re - venge, — and sur - ren - - der!

p

3

(---so that at the end, the stage is left empty and dark.
 Enya alone remains, prostrate and sobbing before the altar
 --- and the sound of the attack dies away in the distance)

p

3

3

(Curtain)

ppp

End of Act II

ACT III

THE SCENE represents the mouth of a mountain-gorge opening to the south over a steep declivity, showing far below a wide stretch of meadow, and beyond this the Roman town in the distance. On the left, dense forest; on the right, the corner of a jutting mass of cliffs, behind which a path runs diagonally down to the plain. Near the end of this path, a fallen tree; to the left and farther down, a large boulder.

THE TIME, before dawn of the following morning.

The curtain rises on a dark and empty stage; moving lights visible in the distance, about the Roman town.

Con moto moderato (♩=108) *espress.*

The musical score is written for piano and consists of four systems. The first system begins with a forte (ff) dynamic, followed by a piano (p) dynamic. The second system features piano (p) and mezzo-forte (mf) dynamics. The third system is marked piano (p). The fourth system is marked pianissimo (pp). The tempo is marked 'Con moto moderato' with a quarter note equal to 108 beats per minute. The style is 'espress.' (expressive). The key signature has three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat). The time signature is 4/4. The score includes various musical notations such as chords, arpeggios, and melodic lines.

p *f*

(Curtain rises) (Enter Nial and Enya)

pp *p*

Nial Enya

Here we can see, Mother. The town still holds. I had

mf

(she turns, and gazes over the cliffs, as if for a signal)

E. hoped that red sky showed it all in flames. And still no sign.

mf

Nial (pointing toward the Roman town)

N. *3* *3*

What are those ti - ny lights Gleam - ing like fire - flies in the

pp *poco cresc.*

N. *Enya* *tranquillo*

darkness there? Torches. How still the for-est is!

mf *pp* *pp*

E. *No wind, Yet the trees move as if a storm were near*

E. *And lis - ten! a dull mur-mur, like the sea;*

p

E. *pp* Fire, _____ and a sound of bat-tle. Sure-ly theyHave had

E. N. full time by this. How goes the night? Not

Nial

Meno mosso

(seated unconcernedly at the foot of the rocks)

N. long now, in an hour, it will be dawn.

Più mosso

Enya

E. Man-y there be shall nev-er see that dawn. God send our own be not a -

E. mong them! Yon-der, Be-neath that red glow,

E. swords are swung, and shouts Go up with

E. groan-ings, and blood smokes and shines In the

E. flare of the bat-tle - fires, and strong men

(a raven flaps out of the forest,

R. fall, And the press wa-vers.— What was that?

close to her, turns and flies straight toward the town)

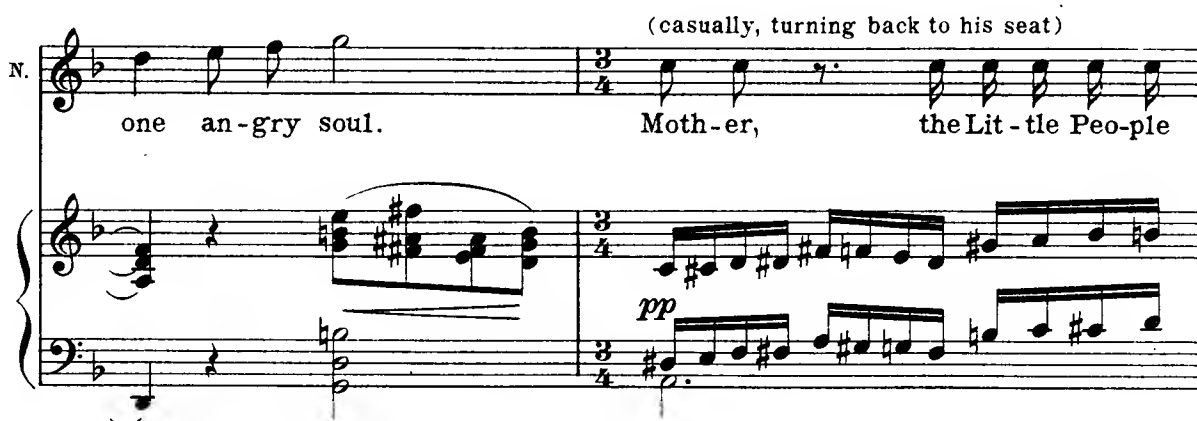
N. A ra-ven. Yet it is

N. strange! He should not fly so soon, Be -


(beside her, pointing)

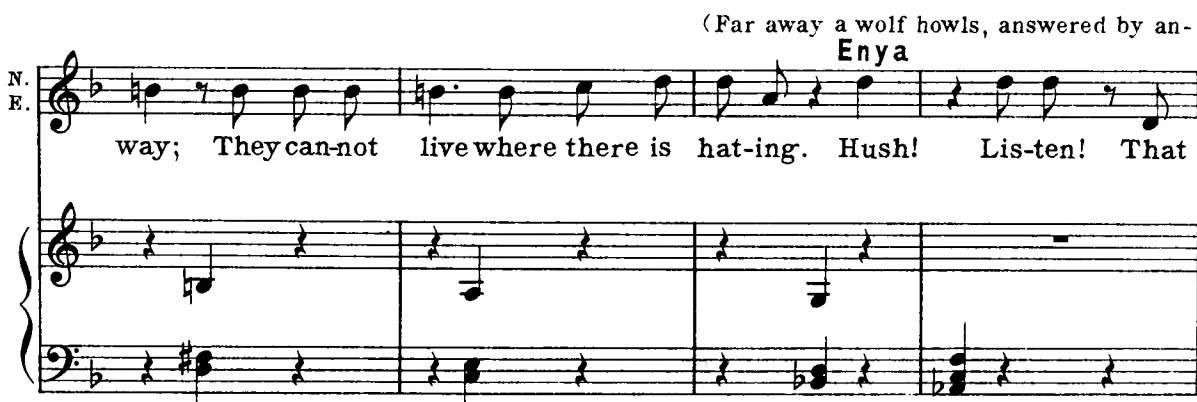
N. fore the sun is ris-en. Look! he flies South-ward

N.  against the light. How red it is! As if all the bat-tle had

N.  one an-gry soul. Moth-er, the Lit-tle Peo-ple

(casually, turning back to his seat)

N.  all are gone Un-der the hills. Our war drove them a -

N.  way; They can-not live where there is hat-ing. Hush! Lis-ten! That

(Far away a wolf howls, answered by an-
Enya

other to the southward)

Nial (unconcerned, as before)

E. N. new cry there in the for-est- Wolves. Yet it is

N. strange! they should not cry so late, Af-ter the set-ting of the

Enya (hysterically)

E. moon. And still No ti-dings! Can the dogs hold out so long, A-

E. sleep, surprised, out-numbered? Will the

E. fight Nev-er be done?— How man-y, how

E. man-y of us Whose hearts are strug-gling yonder, watch and yearn Thro' the

E. void, end-less hush, feel-ing their faith Bleed a-way drop by

E. drop and hour by hour! Oh! I have wait-ed

E. *ff*
 man-y nights like this, While flesh of mine spilled blood that came of

ff *dim.*

E. me, And the dawn brought the dead

p

Allegretto

(she drops, exhausted, on the boulder. The first suggestion of dawn appears: not light, but

N. *Nial*
 home! This is more Than I can under - stand.

pp *p*

a weakening of the darkness)

N. *ad lib.*
 Some-how it seems I should be wis-er, see-ing so much pain.

pp

Moderato

N. 

Look! the light dark-ens. The stars fade. The

N. 

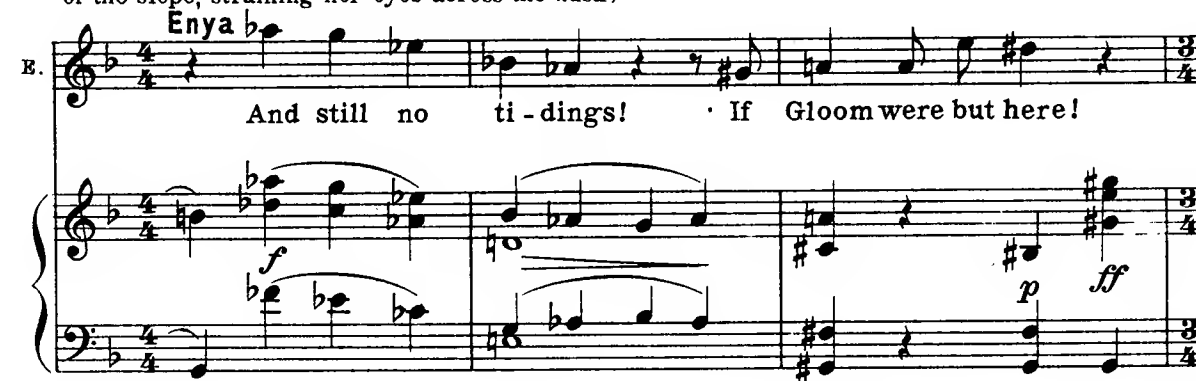
dawn Is com-ing! There a bird wakes! Moth-er!

N. 

hark!

Allegro

of the slope, straining her eyes across the dusk)

E. 

And still no ti - dings! If Gloom were but here!

(A man stumbles in, wounded and bloody, hurries past, and scrambles up the rocks)

E.

Allegro (♩=112) Oh! what news of the bat-tle, what news?

N.

Più mosso
Nial *ff* Fear! His ter-ror hangs a-bout him like a smoke: He is mad-afraid.

E.

Enya (An old man enters feebly. Enya runs to him and catches his arm) Più mosso
Woe! woe! What ti-dings?

E.

Meno mosso
How Went the bat - tle?

O.M.

Old Man Meno mosso
Nay, I know not: let me go!

O.M. *3* *3*

We were be-trayed- They had been warned of us- The fight goes on

p

E. Enya *Molto agitato*

Tell me, What of Gloom? What of Arth?

O.M. still- Let me pass. *Molto agitato* I know not-

E. *2/4* *4/4* Mo - na, The

O.M. *2/4* *4/4* *3* dead, Most like. They were a - mong the fore-most.

p *f*

E. *3* Queen, tell me of her?

O.M. *3* I saw her last Mounting a

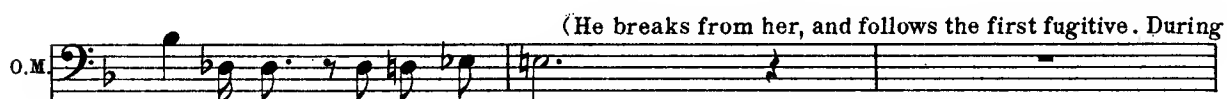
p

O.M. 
 lad-der, sword in hand, her hair Blown backward in the




O.M. 
 torch - - light. Let me



O.M. 
 go, Wo-man! I have told all.

(He breaks from her, and follows the first fugitive. During

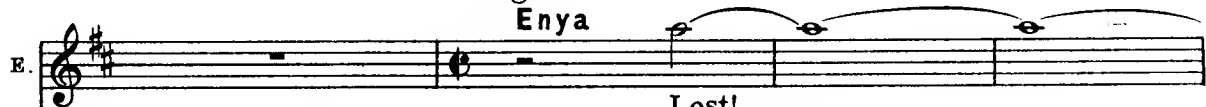


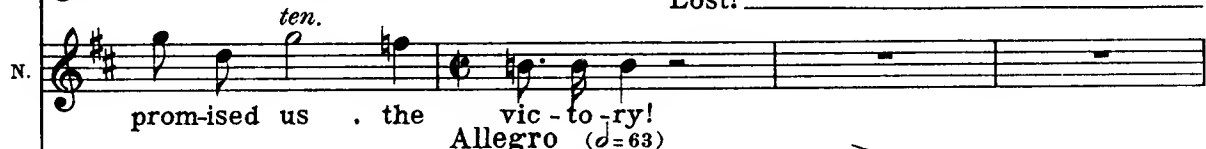
the ensuing scene, others hurry across the stage, up the rocks or into the forest)


N. 
 Allargando *Nial* *ff*
 It can-not be! Gloom says God



Allegro
Enya

E. 

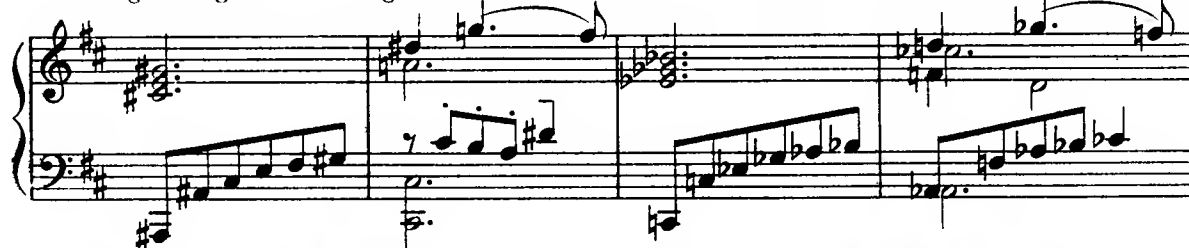
N. *ten.* 

Allegro (♩=63) 

E. 

Più allegro (♩=144) (Gloom stumbles *ff*) 

in among the fugitives. His right arm is broken and he is wounded in the side. With his left he half



carries Mona. As he reaches the clearing, he releases her, and she sinks dizzily upon the fallen tree,



still grasping her sword, and drooping forward so that her relaxed arms and her hair streaming down



over her face suggest the sign Λ . Gloom rests a few paces down stage, his back against a sapling

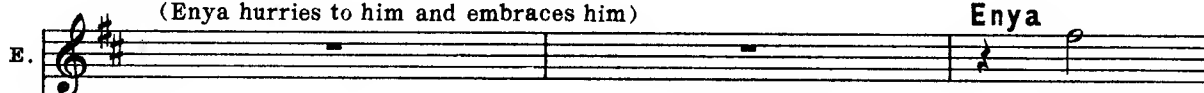


at the edge of the cliffs)



(Enya hurries to him and embraces him)

Enya

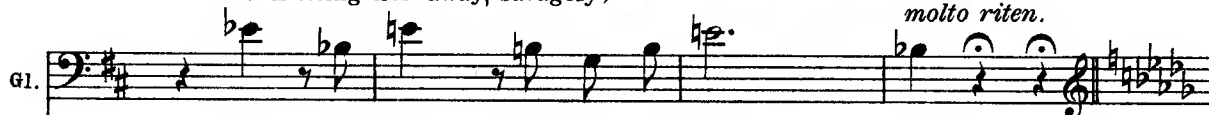


Gloom!



Gloom (thrusting her away, savagely)

molto riten.



Off! my arm! Hast thou no eyes?

Fool!



Molto più moderato ma con moto

Enya (lamenting, not protesting)

E. Oh, my son! Oh! my son!

pp espress.

Gloom Enya

E. Broken. Let be. It is all o-ver. Arth, Thy

pp

(softly)

E. fa-ther? I knew it.

Gloom

G1. Dead.

Sempre più moderato

pp

Gloom

G1. They were awake Un-der arms, a-wait-ing us,

(♩ = 76)

ppp

un poco mosso

Gl. their gar-ri-son Swelled to an ar - my, sen-tries on the

un poco mosso

Gl. plain, Fires read-y on the walls - what could we do?

Allegro agitato

Gl. One traitor is more strong than many swords. Our Gwynn did

Moderato

E. Enya (trying, with grotesque tenderness, to

Gl. Gloom, thou art hurt -

his work well!

Moderato

lead him away)

E. *pp*

Come thou home.- Let thy mother bind thy wounds. Nay, lean on me.

Gloom (resisting)

Gl. *pp*

Let be. I have my death Al - read-y.

Più lento
Enya *patetico*

E. *ppp*

All that re - mained to me, my son,

E. *p*

My husband that was young with me.- Gloom

Gl. *pp*

Be still! Thou wilt have

Lento (♩ = 88)

Gl. time e-nough for wail-ing.

pp *espress.*

Mona (wearily, raising her head)

M. Gloom, Why didst thou bring me here? I might have died Yon-der and

(Rising and coming slowly down between them)

M. not known. Gloom They all trusted me, - the

Gl. Any place will serve To die in.

pp *p*

un poco animato

M. women Wait-ing for love, and the sweet-eyed young men, The mothers,

espress. *poco animato*

riten.

M. and the mer-ry chil-dren,— all Hold-ing by me to make them happier— And

riten.

Più mosso

M. I— I trust-ed God. Gloom

Gl. Thou didst not well: God smiles a—

Più mosso (♩ = 144)

pp *mf*

Più mosso (♩ = 60)

Gl. lone in the white still - ness, calm Be-yond all

p *pp*

Gl. worlds, o - ver all years, be -

Gl. hold-ing All pain, re-mem'bring all death un-moved. He

M. Mona
God for-give me!

Gl. mocks us with a fu-ture half fore-known.

Allegro (♩ = 80)
f sourly

Gl. Bah! Let us be honest. What has God to do? I

Gl. sicken at all these ho-ly melan-cho-lies.

Gl. Thou hadst a vani-ty, and a girl's dream Of huge deeds and

p

Gl. high ser-vi-ces; for me,

Gl. I had a lust for lord-ship. I hat-ed Rome, And

(♩ = ♩.)

Gl. hat-ed more that sweet, sweet boy-lover of thine!

p

Gl. His del-i-cate heats and spirit-per-fumes;

più agitato e cresc.

Animato (♩ = 108)

Gl. then, Too, I loved thy bright body. Good!

f

Gl. we strove As others do, af-ter our own de- sire. We failed:—

ff

Mona Meno mosso

M. This is thy sorrow Speaking; it is

Gl. Well, we shall die!

ad lib.

pp

Allegro (♩ = 104) Enya

M. not like thyself. Gloom! Thou art a

E.

E. *priest.* Gloom

Gl. I was: I am a man Now.

Gl. Pres-ent-ly I shall be less. What,

ff

Gl. Più allegro (♩ = 112)

shamed At a soul's na-ked-ness? We dress ourselves In

Gl. decencies of motive, day by day, Till our own hearts

poco rit.

Gl.

hide from us, and we march On proud-ly, leading God.

poco rit.

Maestoso (♩ = 66)

Gl.

Oh, we be - lieve Our high words while we speak them!

f

Gl.

No de - sire Forpraise in Mo-na, nor in me for her- All was for

p *f*

(He sinks back upon the rocks, overcome by his own violence. The tops of the distant

Gl.

Britain!

Allegro (♩ = 120)

ff *p* *cresc.*

hills are touched with the first slant of sunlight)

217

ff *poco più mosso*



ff *dimin.*



Nial *Meno mosso*
Mo-na, see, the

p



N. *Poco meno mosso*
dawn Is coming. All the birds wa - ken.

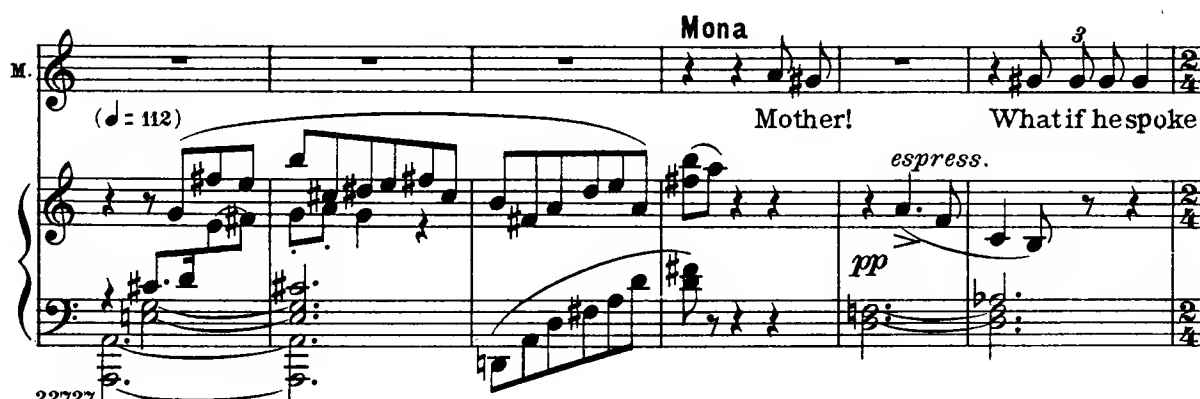
p *pp*



M. *Mona*
Mother! What if hespoke

espress. *pp*

(♩ = 112)



M. *ad lib.* *3*
truth! What if I did all For my - self - not for

p *colla voce*

M. *Enya*
a tempo
Brit-ain? Child, who doubts thee? He knew not what he said.

a tempo *legg.*

M. *Mona* *Moderato* (♩ = 100)
He is a Bard. It was the voice of

pp *ppp*

M. God that spoke in him. I knew Gwynn faith-less - why did I

M. save him? His life meant death to Bri-tain. But I

colla voce

M. *heard My own blind heart cry-ing for him!*

(♩ = 66)

pp

M. *God knows, - There was a*

espr.

dolce

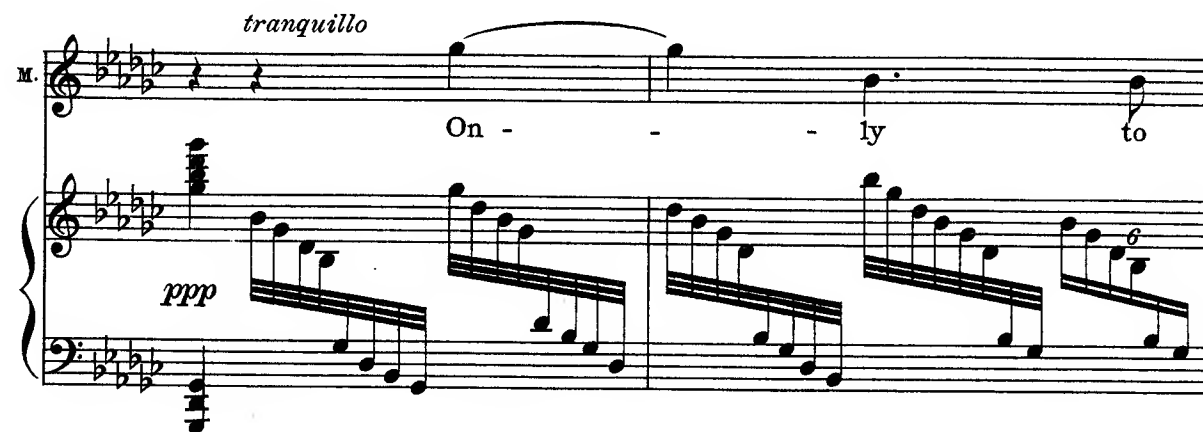
M. *mo-ment when I gave up all- All I was giv-en*

Poco più mosso

M. *life for, my whole use, Brit-ain, and man-y*

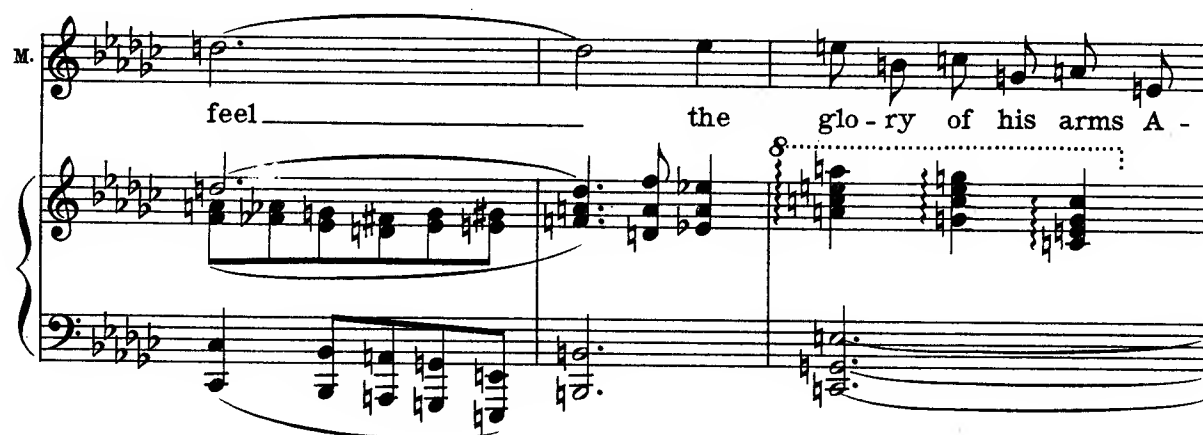
M. *hopes, and my great dream,*

tranquillo

M. 

On - - - ly to

ppp

M. 

feel the glo-ry of his arms A -

M. 

round me in the night, on - ly to

M. 

see His eyes be - tween me and the

Molto moderato

M. stars, on - ly To know I could not struggle.

pp

Nial **Più mosso ed accel.**

N. Is it wrong To love, then?

pp *p*

Mona (to herself, softly)
agitato

M. One whose face I could not see,

(♩ = 100)

agitato *p*

M. That strove to snatch a-way my sword -

p *cresc.* *sempre più agitato*

(Gwynn enters hurriedly)

Allegro
Gwynn

G. *Allegro*
Mona! the fight is done, then! Art thou safe, Un-harmed? *agitato*
Gloom

Gl.

Allegro (♩ = 132)

f *ff*

What dost thou here, traitor?

Gwynn

G. *f*
My guards Fled with the rest.

molto agitato

G. *riten.*
I am no trai-tor! All This night's blood, if ye

poco f *riten.*

G. *3*
 had but listen'd to me, I had saved. Give thanks to God, I am in
 (♩ = 100)

G. *Allegro agitato*
 time E-ven now to save your own! (staggering forward)
 Gloom

Gl.
 I will yet spoil Thy tri-umph!
Allegro agitato (♩ = 132)

Gl. *3* (His strength fails. Mona turns upon Gwynn, furiously)
 Give me that sword!

M. *Mona ad lib.*
 Ro - - man, be - gone ——— A-mong thy kin-dred! If per-

ff colla voce

a tempo allegro

M. chance A-mong that car-ri-on brood any endure Thy kinship un-a-shamed!

p a tempo allegro *ff*

Allegro molto

M. Thou save us! who Would owe thee life? Look on thy-self!

f

M. False friend, False Bard, false lov-er! Thou hast done thy work!

f *ff*

Meno mosso

M. Leave it! God sick-ens to hear thee speak his name, And men take

p

M. shame of thy hu-man-i-ty. Why dost thou stand there breeding

pp

M. new lies? Go! Leave us clean air to

ff

Gwynn (facing her) Allegro molto (♩ = 152)

G. die in! Be si-lent now! There is more shame to thee, say-ing

f

G. these things, Than me to hear them! Look at me— is this

f

G. Falsehood? If there were reason in thy rage,

p

G. Could I en-dure to hear it?

(Their eyes fight, but he

G. And from thee? An-swer me!

cresc. ed accel.

knows, and she is only certain; hers fall first.)

G. *ad lib.* Hear one word

ff

Maestoso (♩ = 76)

G. now that clears all: The Gov-ern-or of Brit-ain is

p

G. my own fa - ther. I am his son.

G. *accelerando*

Dost thou hear?

accelerando e cresc.

Allegro (♩. = 116)

G. *Gloom*

Gl. *On-ly the son Of the Gov-ern-or?*

sfz

Gl. *On-ly the son? Tell the whole truth!*

Gl. *Say, The Governor himself— the Emperor Come from*

Gl. Rome— Hail, Cæ-sar!

f e più mosso

dim.

Enya *f*

Nay, it may be.

f *p* *dim.*

Moderato

Mona (wearily, turning away from Gwynn)

M. Gwynn, thou hast lied al-read-y man-y times; There is

p

Allegro animato (♩ = 132)

Gwynn

M. G. no need of oth-er words. My word Speaks for Rome.

mf

G. *Giv-ing it for peace, I bind The le-gions.*

G. *Bind-ing me, ye loosed them! Come*

Poco meno mosso
G. *With me now to my fa-ther, make an end Of this re-*

G. *bel-lion ere yet more be slain; Give peace to Brit-ain, and*

M. *bind up her wounds. The*

Moderato (♩ = 80)

M. blood of all our slain cries out on thee, The tears of all our women

p *f* *p*

M. fall on thee, The groans of all our cap-tives an-swer thee,

pp *ppp*

ad lib. *a tempo* (She stands looking Gwynn

M. Till thy life an-swer for their lives un-done! For

G. (♩ = 104)

ad lib. *pp a tempo*

blindly before her, hearing nothing)

Allegro

G. their sake wait no long-er. Thou shalt learn If I speak truth.

sfz agitato *ritenuto*

Moderato (♩ = 88)

Nial

N. I can-not un-der-stand All this of truths and trai-tors;

f

p

N. but I know That Gwynn is good. I

f

Enya *agitato*

N. E. know that! It may be, it may be.

Gl. Gloom

Nay, go kiss thy lov-er, girl!

Gwynn

G. Mo-na! Come!

(♩ = 92)

pp sfz pp ppp

M. *Mona* (to herself, dully) *Gwynn* *agitato*
G. *3*

One whose face I could not see— Man-y shall die while we de-

pp

G. *Mona* (as before)
M. *3*

lay. Think not of me— save thine own people! One who strove to

M. *Nial*
N. *3*

snatch a-way my sword. There is a mist A-bout thy

pp

N. *Mona* (still as if in a trance, paying no heed)
M.

face, Gwynn! There-fore I

pp

to the others)

M. smote.

pp

G. Gwynn

Nay then, I

G. (going) (Mona turns

dare not tar-ry long-er e-ven for thee— Guard her, Nial.

p

and takes a step toward him, stretching out her arms)

M. **Mona** **Nial** (starting forward, frightened)

N. Gwynn! I am ver-y wear-y. Mo-na! Great God! thy shad-ow—

ppp

Gwynn (turning back eagerly, and embracing her)

(The pose is

G. Love, now all is done, And we may yet save all!

exactly that of the ominous wounding of Gwynn in Act I)

(She drives the sword suddenly

He falls limp in her arms, dying)
into his throat.

(The body of Gwynn slips from Mona's hold, and falls at her feet, just below the boulder; she stands over him with the sword)

Enya

ad lib. 3

E. What hast thou done? Oh child! what hast thou

Mona *ad lib.*

E. M. done? I have proved my-self. There lies my sac-ri-fice!

Nial *a tempo moderato*

N. For ev-er-more Thou shalt not see his face!

pp a tempo moderato *ppp*

Gwynn

G. Mo-na— my fa-ther—

pp *lunga*

(The sunlight fills the valley, gleaming upon the Roman town, but the stage

(dies)

itself is still shadowed by the cliffs)

Poco adagio

pp



First system of musical notation, featuring a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The music is in a key with two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. The right hand plays a series of chords and single notes, while the left hand plays a bass line with some rests. The system concludes with a repeat sign.



Second system of musical notation. The right hand continues with chords and melodic lines. The left hand features a triplet of eighth notes. Dynamic markings include *poco f* and *marcato*. The system concludes with a repeat sign.



Third system of musical notation. The right hand plays a series of chords and single notes. The left hand features a bass line with some rests. A dynamic marking of *f* is present. The system concludes with a repeat sign.



Fourth system of musical notation. The right hand plays a series of chords and single notes. The left hand features a bass line with some rests. Dynamic markings include *ff*, *pp*, and *p*. The system concludes with a repeat sign.



Fifth system of musical notation. The right hand plays a series of chords and single notes. The left hand features a bass line with some rests. Dynamic markings include *cresc.* and *fff*. The system concludes with a repeat sign.

dim. *p* *rit. e dim.*

Gloom (coming forward feebly and gazing at the body)

Gl. *pp* *pp*

Now I be-lieve all! Let me look on him. At

Gl. *ppp*

least he can-not tri-umph o-ver me.

Enya

E. *ppp*

Nial

N. He can-not an-swer.

Let him be; by this He has paid all.

E. *Gloom*

Gl. Paid? By his death? Ay, so— Then for what e-vil must I pay with

(♩ = 76) *poco f* *dim.*

mine? How should we two de-serve a-like, whose hearts Op-posed like East and

West? The shame of one Hon-ors the oth-er. See now our re-ward—

(He falls back,)

Both dead, both brought to shame, both o-ver-thrown. Be-hold, O God, Thy justice!

f *ffz* *ff* *cresc. molto*

fainting, upon the rocks. Enya bends over him. Nial gazes curiously into the air above Gwynn's body)

Andantino 8

Nial

N. Moth-er, look! Is Gwynn quite dead? He is not far a-way.

8

Più mosso (♩ = 92)

Enya (turning, startled)

E. Ni - al, have I not seen death e-nough to know?

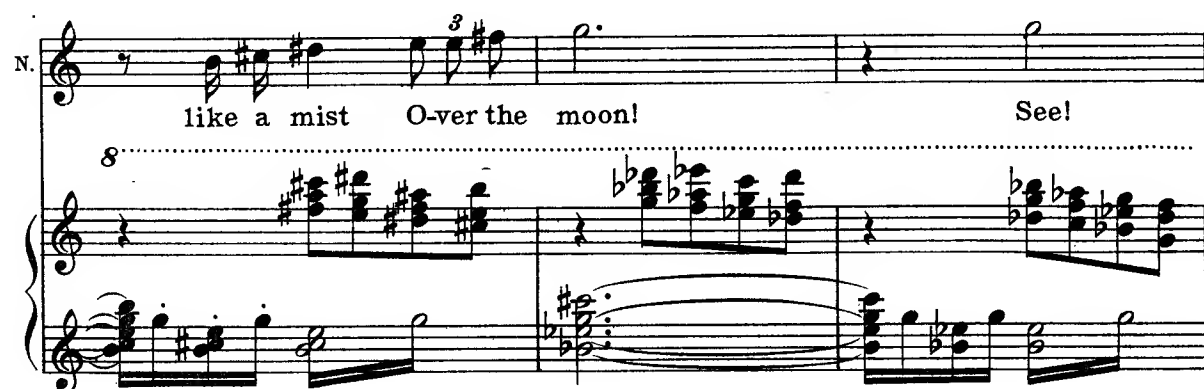
pp 6

R. He is mere earth, I tell thee!

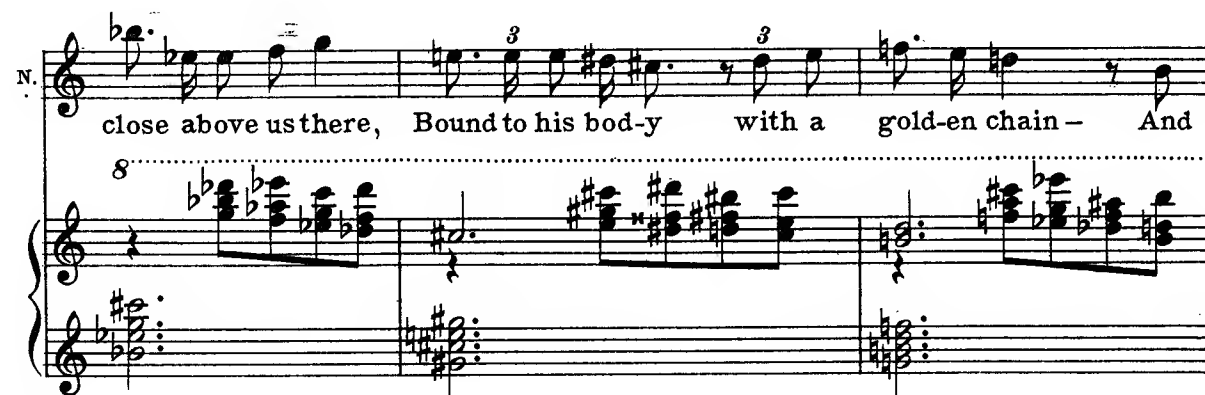
Nial

N. 

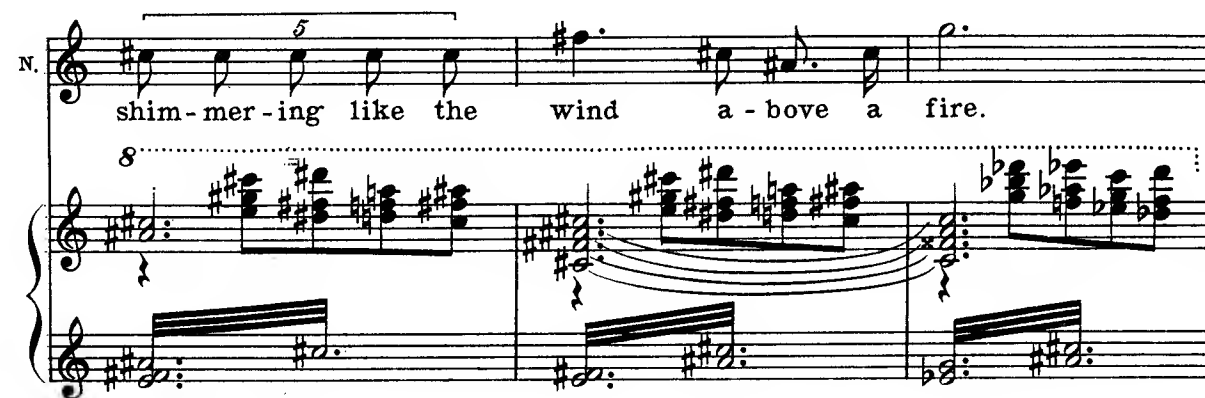
(♩ = 80) Look! his shadow Shines in the air above him,

N. 

like a mist O-ver the moon! See!

N. 

close above us there, Bound to his bod-y with a gold-en chain - And

N. 

shim-mer-ing like the wind a - bove a fire.

N. He seems to listen and to wait —

ppp

Allegro (♩ = 116)

pp

M. Mona

A murmur of many voices

M. like a storm O - ver the sea —

Enya (going up stage, and looking over the edge of the slope)

E. The le - - - gions, the le - gions

M. And a

(♩ = 120)

pp

E. com - ing!

M. sound Of men marching to bat - tle,

N. Nial

Save — yourselves!

E. The le-gions coming! Save — yourselves!

M. Ro - - - mans marching stead-i - ly to

N. save — yourselves!

E. 

M. 

Gl. 

Gloom 

Save _____ yourselves! There is yet time. I wait here.



E. 

what Have we to save? _____

M. 

Nial 

There is a cloud over the moon, _____ cloud and



M. 

murmuring of the sea; Sure - ly my dreams re - mem - ber -

N. 

storm.



Pochettino più mosso

Enya

(The whole stage fills with a blaze of direct sunlight)

E. *f* I can see them Winding up the long pathway

M. *f* See them winding up the path - way

N. *f* See them winding up the path - way

Pochettino più mosso

f

3

E. 3 from the plain, A mul-ti-tude of spears, a

M. 3 from the plain, a mul-ti-tude of spears, a

N. 3 from the plain, a mul-ti-tude of spears, a

Gloom

Welcome, wolves!

ff

E. mul-ti-tude of spears! Wel - come, wolves!

M. mul-ti-tude of spears! Wel - come, wolves!

N. mul-ti-tude of spears! Wel - come, wolves!

Gl. wel-come, wolves! Wel - come, wolves!

ff

E. wel - - - come, wolves! *Più allegro*

M. wel - - - come, wolves!

N. wel - - - come, wolves!

Gl. wel - - - come, wolves!

(The stage fills with Roman soldiers, enter-

ing by the pathway from the plain. Among the last of these the Governor enters. From

Più allegro (♩ = 132)

fff

where he stands the body of Gwynn is invisible, hidden by the boulder. Gloom and Nial

più mosso

are at once made prisoners. Enya retreats down stage. Mona remains standing by the boulder)

(♩ = 80)

fff *ritenuto*

fff *dim.*

Mona *ad lib.*

The Governor

Now The end comes! (Not in tune)

Guard that woman!

p molto ritenuto pp

(Mona is surrounded by the soldiers, and disarmed. The Governor looks from her to the others)

Gov.

Where is he Whom ye call Gwynn? Andantino

ppp

Nial (pointing into the air)

Yon-der- a - bove himself.

Gloom (declaiming bitterly, not in tune)

There is a Roman spy here. He is

pp espr.

Gov. *Dead?* (The Governor perceives Gwynn's body)

Gl. *dead.* *Poco adagio*

ppp

Gov. (savagely) *It is he! Who hath done This thing?*

Gl. *Past re-warding!*

M. *Mona* *It was I! ——— One That might have been a woman.*

Gov. *Thou, a woman?*

Gov. (softly) *Be thou sure Of paying for this blood!*

Gl. *Gloom* *Since he has paid, What*

Gl. matter? He be-trayed us. He is dead. Thou hast thy triumph—

Gl. *Con fuoco* (♩ = 72)
Eat it!

*attacca
subitissimo* *fff* *sfz*

Gov. *(with sudden fierceness)*
The Governor
Dogs, ye have slain Your own last hope of mer,

ff dim.

Gov.
the one soul Roman-born that had care for you!

p

Gov. 

These years He hath made your peace with Rome,

poco f *p*

Gov. 

won

Presto (♩ = 120)

Gov. 

back for you Old lib-er-ties, given you the strength to dream Of

p

Più presto (♩ = 72)

Gov. 

new — con-spir-a-cy! — But for his

f *mf*

Gov. 

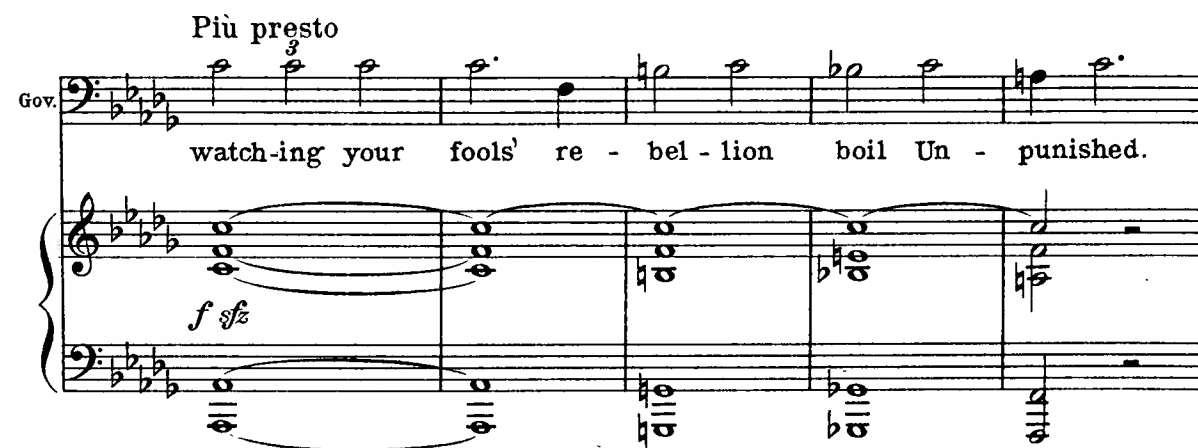
faith, I had broken you be-tween my

Gov. 

hands In the be-ginning! Day by

Gov. 

day I spared The sword,

Più presto 

watch-ing your fools' re-bel-lion boil Un-punished.

Gov. *(♩ = 80)* He de-fend - ed you; he

ff rit. e dim.

Gov. *riten.* died Striving to save your mis-er - a - ble lives From your

ritenuto

Gov. *rit.* Moderato (his grief breaking through his anger)
own folly! I have said. My son! My

(♩ = 72)
rit. f p ritenuto

M. *Mona (slowly, in a dry voice)*
Thy son! Who art thou?

Gov. son!

Tenor I *p*

Tenor II *p* Gov-ern-or of Britain.

Bass *p* Gov-ern-or of Britain.

(♩ = 80)
p Gov-ern-or of Britain.

Gov-ern-or of Britain, Gov-ern-or and Lord!

Gov-ern-or of Britain, Gov-ern-or and Lord!

Gov-ern-or of Britain, Gov-ern-or and Lord!

cresc.

Enya

poco accel. *ff* *rit.* O child, what hast thou

Gov-ern-or and Lord for Rome!

poco accel. *ff*

Gov-ern-or and Lord for Rome!

poco accel. *ff*

Gov-ern-or and Lord for Rome!

poco accel. *ff* *diminuendo e rit.*

ppp

done?
The Governor

Gov. She shall have time To learn!

(A soldier gives him Mona's sword. He takes it mechanically, and stands still gazing at the body)

Adagio (♩ = 76)

Mona (to herself)

M.

So that was God's voice, after all!

pp espress. *pp* *espress.*

Poco più lento (♩ = 66)

M.

That weak-ness, that strange fear of

pp

M.

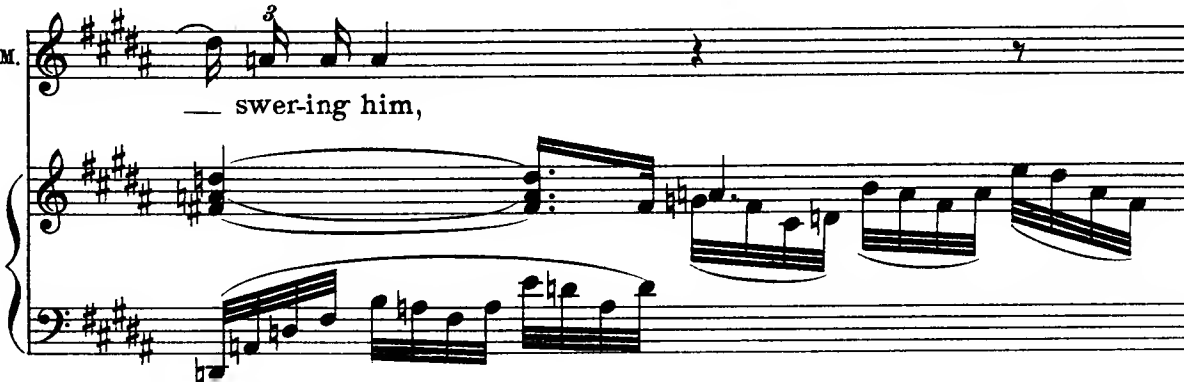
Gwynn's glad eyes,

pp

M.

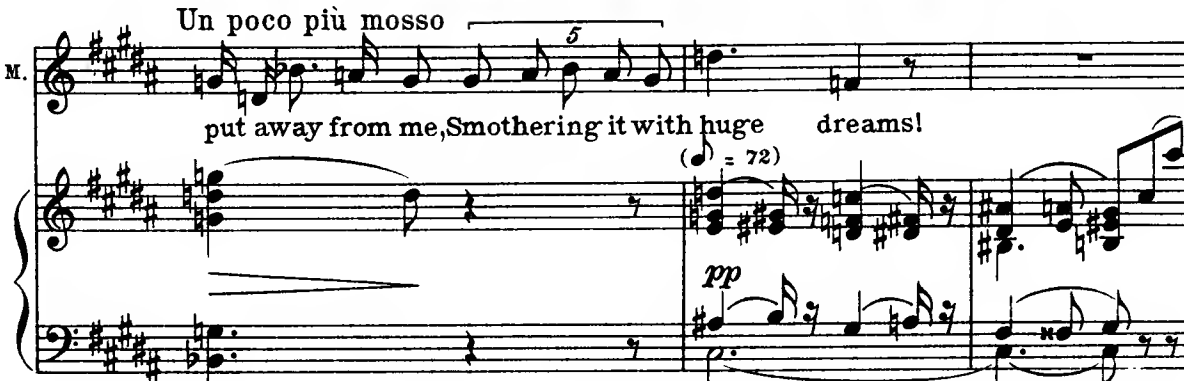
That warm pain in my blood an - -

pp

M.  — swer-ing him,

M.  That lit - tle fool - ish whis-per — in my
espress.

M.  heart All night long, that I

M.  Un poco più mosso
put away from me, Smothering it with huge dreams!
(♩ = 72)
pp

M. *(♩ = 69)* That was all God

pp espress.

M. asked _____ of me —

M. on - - ly to drink my

M. joy, _____

pp *poco rit.*

M. *On-ly to be a wo-man, on-ly to cease From strug-gling,*

(♩ = 66) *molto p*

M. *Poco più lento (♩ = 60)*
rest so, and be drow-sy glad, Like a child com-fort-ed! It was too

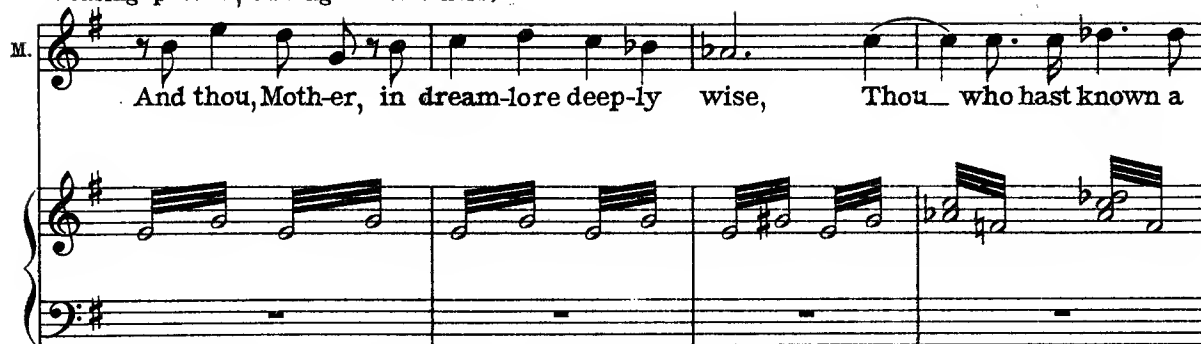
pp

M. *slight A ser-vice for great ends, too small, too sweet —*

M. *Allegro moderato (♩ = 112)*
(with gradually in-
An-y-one could have done so much! Ah, Gloom.

sfz p

creasing passion, turning to the others)

M. 

And thou, Moth-er, in dream-lore deep-ly wise, Thou_ who hast known a

M. 

child's lips on thy breast, And life be-gin-ning in the

M. 

dark!— And thou, Ni-al, whose blind heart.

M. 

makes our wis-dom vain,— Could ye not tell me how great

M. dreams pass by As a storm blows down the wind, while

M. beau-ty grows _____ Day by day out of a thou-sand

M. lit-tle-ness-es, As the rain swells the flood and fills the

M. sea, _____ Till

poco f

poco tenuto

M. 

all things take one an-swer?

poco tenuto


Andante mosso (♩ = 56) Meno mosso

M. 

I might have died Yon-der, and not known...

f *p*

Allegro (♩ = 50)

M. 

See, how Earth

p *p*

M. 

holds up Her fresh - - ness, holds

pp

M. — up her fresh-ness to the sum-mer,

M. *poco riten.* and the light

poco ritenuto (♩=100) *p*

M. Laughs o-ver liv - - ing green, and the birds are

pp

M. glad, And the sweet_ blos - soms bright - en in the

pp

M.

 sun, And all the bit-ter

 (♩ = 50)

 p.

M.

 beau-ty of the day Makes mer-ry with my sor-row!

ritenuto

pp

M.

 And I go To

 Meno mosso (♩ = 120)

 sfz

M.

 walk a-live a-mong dead

 sfz

M. hours, and see Pit - i - less fac - es,

M. and the mirth of men — Whose eyes are

M. e - vil, and be fawned up-on By strange hands:

Molto meno mosso (♩ = 88)

M. for I can - not e-ven keep My faith to him who

Più mosso

M. died be-cause of me, Nor in a clean death lay my bod-y down

(♩ = 88)

p *pp*

M. Be-side his bod-y! I must bear my

(♩ = 100)

pp

M. time, Hav-ing done no good thing, re-mem-ber-ing all:

pp *mf*

M. And there will be so man-y oth-er days,—

ritenuto *riten.* *f*

ff Più mosso (♩ = 50) (Going to the Governor,
 M. — So man - y oth - er days!

piu riten.
sfz *p* *p*

quietly) Allegro moderato (♩ = 100)
 M. — Give me the sword.

mp

(Misunderstanding her purpose, he steps back and motions to the soldiers to restrain her.
 M. It is mine!

mp espress.

She looks in his face almost with a smile)
 M. Dost thou think I can still

Meno mosso (♩ = 76)

M. *fear?* I

M. *loved him, loved him, and I killed him. Bear with me* (she takes the sword)

M. *A lit-tle, bear with me. Take the sword now.* (Unhindered, she kneels by Gwynn's body, and lays the sword across his)

(♩ = 60)

pp molto sostenuto

M. *breast, folding his hands upon the hilt)*
It is thine. Thou hast done well for Brit-ain.

pp

(leaning erect, and speaking straight before her) **Allegro e molto risoluto** (♩=144)

M. For my-self, I have done on - ly what I

cresc.

M. must have done, Be-ing my-self, hold - ing by my own


Animato

M. sight And mine own blind-ness. I have sought be-yond Love,

più largo

M. and a-bove beau - ty, turn-ing a-way From

più largo

M. 

God to point what way the world should go, Scorn - ing my

(♩ = 132)

poco f

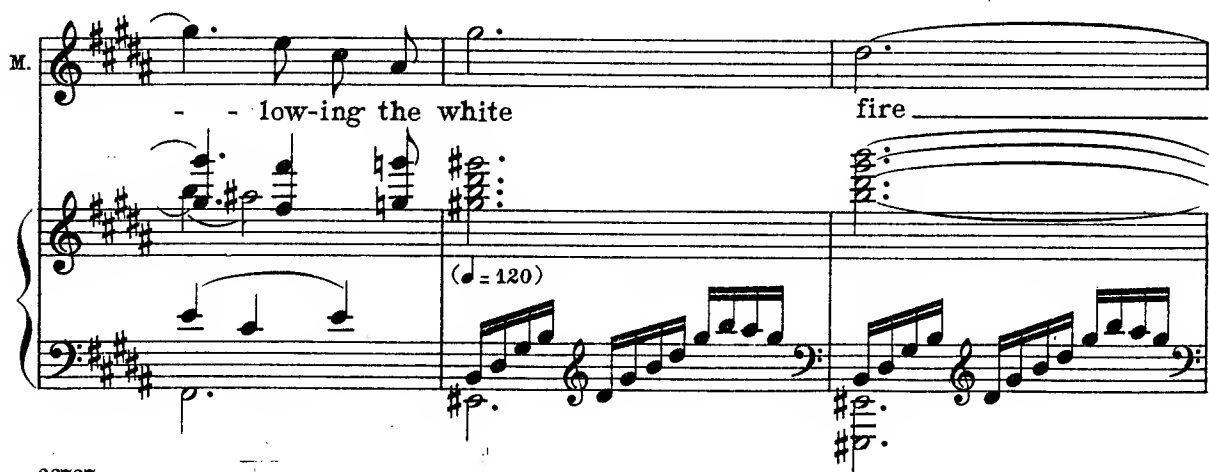
M. 

life be-cause I found it fair,

M. 

Fol - - -

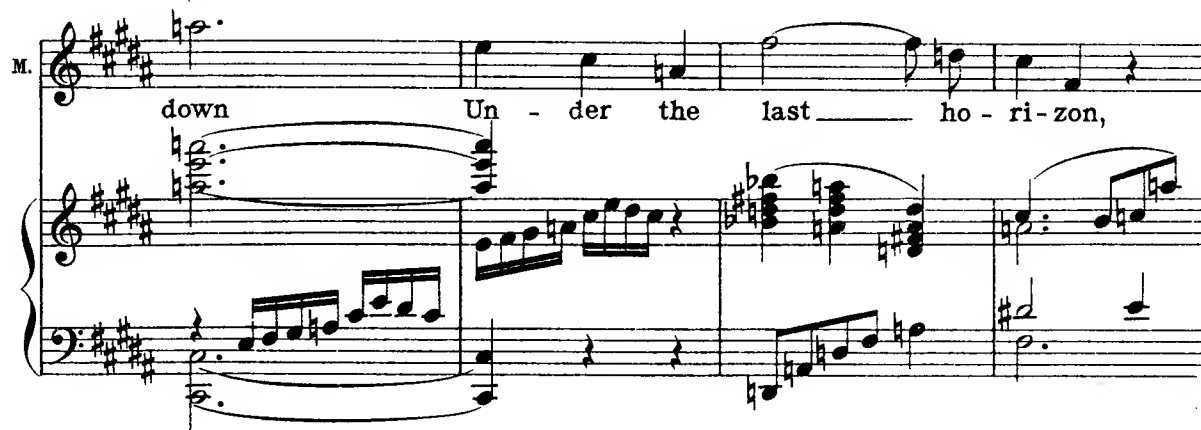
p

M. 

- low-ing the white fire

(♩ = 120)

M.  of en - deav- or

M.  down Un - der the last ho - ri- zon,

Un poco mosso
M.  where stars fail, And the

M.  sea takes me, and the

sempre più mosso

M. *night ends all,*

sempre più mosso e più piano

M. *And the brave deeds*

(♩ = 144)

Più mosso

ppp

M. *I was too brave to do — Slum — — —*

(♩ = 63)

ppp

M. *(she lays her hands upon Gwynn's, bending over him)*

— — — — ber, for — got — ten.

Moderato (♩ = 76)

M. Love! I could not be A wo - man, loved and

lov - ing, nor en - dure Moth - er - hood and the wise or - di - na - ry

M. joys Of day by day; all that I had to give, I

M. gave thee. I have known thy heart. Fare -

pp

ppp

delicatissimo

Più mosso (♩ = 50)

(she kisses him upon the forehead) (she rises, and stands among the soldiers)

M. well! For - give! Do your

pp

(They bind her hands)

M. will now! Meno mosso (♩ = 100)

ppp

Meno mosso

M. I have had dreams, On - ly great dreams!

dolce

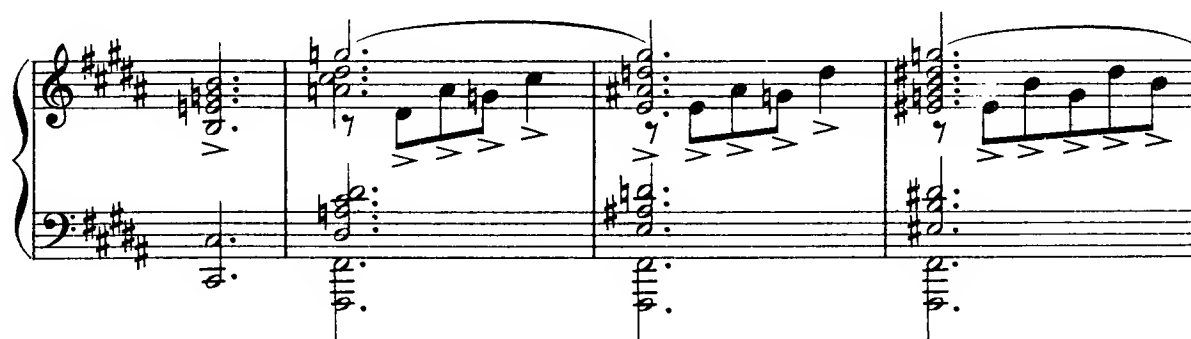
Allegro

M. A wo - - man

pp

M. 

would have won! *Allegro molto* (♩ = 132) *ff*



Maestoso (♩ = 80) *ritenuto* *ffff* 

Curtain *fff* 